

VOGUE



MAY 15

5 Wardrobes for
5 Different Kinds of Week Ends

New Coolness in Men's Clothes

New Reducing Diets,
with Sugar and Bread

Travel Memos—9 Countries

ADVANCE RETAIL TRADE EDITION

50 CENTS

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Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



8 ounces, \$1.00

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

You will enjoy using a Breck Shampoo because it is mild and gentle in action, and not drying to the hair. A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, lustrous and manageable.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.

JOHN H. BRECK, INC.
NEW YORK

MANUFACTURING
CHICAGO

CHEMISTS
SAN FRANCISCO

SPRINGFIELD
MASSACHUSETTS

OTTAWA
CANADA

MAY 15 TRADE EDITION

VOGUE

HOW TO USE
THIS ISSUE
OF VOGUE:

1 SELECT SUMMER WEEK END WARDROBES FROM YOUR STOCKS

for 5 different kinds of wardrobes . . . for country, town, golfing, beach and party week ends. Promote the whole gamut of fashions in your ready-to-wear departments . . . and don't forget to include men's wear and luggage. (Pages 32-53)

2 SPOTLIGHT WHITE— SUMMER'S COOLEST LOOK

in advertisements and window displays of suits, dresses and hats . . . for town or country . . . for the long week end on land or sea. (Pages 72-75)

3 PROMOTE PINK AND WHITE SHOES FOR SUMMER

in bare sandals or closed pumps for late-day city windows . . . pink, in leather and linen . . . all white or white-with-pink . . . shown with pink summer hosiery and pale pink skirts. (Pages 70-71)

4 BUILD SUMMER WEEK ENDS AROUND LUGGAGE

. . . show every possible kind of hand-luggage for week ends . . . display it with men's and women's ready-to-wear. (Pages 90-91)

**On page 4
of this Trade
Edition Supplement**

The "Vogue Says" quotes that can help you to sell your merchandise with Vogue's Fashion Authority.

LET OTHER MAY 15 VOGUE FASHIONS HELP YOU

SELL NEW SUMMER MERCHANDISE . . . the white

silk summer suit . . . summer news in corselettes . . . the pink

Dacron shirt for men . . . the new summer diet and cool new

hair-dos; these for display mounting in your beauty salon or

toiletries department. (See the index of these

and other ideas on page 27 of this issue)

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ADDRESS TRADE DEPARTMENT, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, FOR QUANTITY RATES

VOGUE, MAY 15, 1954, VOL. 123, NO. 9



A STORE-WIDE SUMMER TONIC:

IDEAS FOR JUNE PROMOTION

Vogue believes that something can be done about the phenomenon of the summer slump that strikes stores across the country every June. And this June, Vogue will present an issue-full of fresh fashion ideas that you can apply to a store-wide range of your merchandise as a tonic to June business.

Your customer, after all, usually regards June as the beginning of all the good things summer means . . . pleasant weather . . . change of scene . . . new living schemes . . . leisure to use for experiment. In other words, she is receptive to fresh ideas in June. And—even though she may have done the main part of her summer shopping as far in advance as the resort season—June is the month when she begins to realize what her summer wardrobe lacks in the way of special needs.

Here, then, are a few suggestions for making the most of this psychological high point in your customer's receptivity . . . ideas that could mean a stronger-selling June for your store this year.

VOGUE-SHOWN FASHION IDEAS: YOUR STRONGEST SELLING THEME

The tired look of left-over merchandise needn't smother your store's fashion atmosphere if fresh ideas are promoted, too. Colour is one good refresher . . . and June Vogue will feature pink importantly—the basis for a store-wide focus on pink as an any-hour fashion—in ready-to-wear, separates, accessories, make-up, shoes and stockings (see pages 70 and 71 of this issue, too)—promoted as a Vogue idea.

Another important June Vogue fashion theme: stripes—to promote in fashions and accessories for the city, country or beach and for at-home wear.

"The Indispensable Dress" is June Vogue cover news . . . and a term that can headline your own promotions of—the shirt look . . . bare-armed black . . . the late-day dress, all line . . . the crisp, pale sheath.

Even if you have not bought a special nucleus of stocks toward a Vogue fashion theme, remember that a fashion idea with authority can provide your customer with a stronger reason-to-buy fashions you already have in stock than will a price reduction that does not stimulate her fashion appetite one whit.



FASHION REMINDERS: TO STIMULATE EXTRA SALES

Although April and May are strong fashion selling months, few of the summer clothes bought then are actually worn until June. June, then, is a good time for promotions of ready-to-wear to fill out a skeletal summer wardrobe.

Some June Vogue themes that you can direct to this purpose: features on the kind of town dresses that become summer uniforms . . . on sweaters . . . on coats in luxurious but hardy fabrics that provide wonderful transportation during summer . . . plus—pages on bathing suits for women . . . sea shore clothes for children.

June is a good time, too, to remind your customers of fashions that can supplement or vary their summer wardrobes—lightweight girdles . . . special brassières designed to underline décolleté cottons . . . beaded jewellery and shoes to achieve the one-colour costume look . . . sandalfoot stockings for airy summer shoes . . . fresh designs in play shoes or sun glasses . . . hair coverings to secure wind-whipped coiffures (one of these will be photographed on the cover of the June issue of Vogue).

A series of check-list advertisements is one idea to consider. One of these advertisements, for example, might be directed at the summer traveller, and list travel necessities and luxuries, illustrated by a potpourri of fashions, accessories, cosmetics, luggage and notions from your stocks.



FASHIONS IN BEAUTY: THEY CAN MEAN MOST IN JUNE

Your customer first feels the effects of summer on her looks in June. Her season in the sun does not really get under way before then, and June is the month when beauty promotions can arouse her strongest interest.

In ready-to-wear displays, point out the role that make-up plays in the head-to-heel look of, for instance, pink and white. Include a lipstick sample and a copy card drawing attention to some fresh lipstick colour chosen to flatter the fashion colour displayed.

“Ears” in sportswear advertisements can call attention to tanning preparations. An accessory department display of blond-shaded jewellery, scarfs and handbags might include a blond-haired mannequin head with a copy card directing customers to the cosmetic counter where that hair colouring is sold.

Watch June Vogue for a feature on new coiffures and fresh developments in hair colouring preparations—ideas to introduce on the mannequins in your summer fashion windows.



FASHIONS IN LIVING: A STORE-WIDE FOCUS

Remember that many customers do not get around to summer decorating plans—or realize that their houses need a little lift—until the hot weather is upon them . . . or until they see a display or advertisement that tempts them with a whole cool new scheme for summer living.

“Decorators’ Eye on the Air Conditioner”—a feature noted on June Vogue’s cover—could be a provocative theme for a series of window displays illustrating ways to refurbish town apartments for summer with fresh ideas from your home furnishings departments . . . and with air conditioning units placed as they are shown on Vogue’s pages.

The summer blanket receives June Vogue focus in a pink-and-white bedroom setting that you can adapt to a main window display promoting your own summer-weight blankets—and your own bedspreads, sheets, curtains, draperies, rugs, furniture and lamps, tied in with delicate pink and white lingerie on fashion mannequins. You might tie in other lingerie ideas—such as the fashion for sea green night-dresses—with linen department interior displays.

Customers can be tempted not to wait for the August white sales by other fresh summer colour schemes—perhaps in towels and bathroom accessories displayed with cosmetic departments’ bath and beauty preparations.

Another strongly-promotable June Vogue feature will stress the week-end idea, showing equipment that can be packed with food in town for treks to country or seashore houses.

Fresh summer menus will also be given in June Vogue . . . menus that you might copy and display in your china and delicacy departments—and in your windows—on tables set with cool-looking combinations of glassware, pottery plates and table mats.

Let *all* of June Vogue’s themes draw your customers’ attention to the new fashion life in every department of your store this June.

QUOTE VOGUE and sell fashion

Let what "Vogue Says"

headline your advertisements

and underline your displays.

YOUR RELEASE DATE: MAY 14

TO SELL NEW FASHIONS FOR SUMMER WEEK ENDS:

Country Week end:

VOGUE SAYS: "Jacket and skirt—fine for visiting down the road"
VOGUE SAYS: "Bermuda shorts—for greenhouse duty"
VOGUE SAYS: "Silk pyjamas—for dinner-at-home"
VOGUE SAYS: "A short dinner dress for Saturday night"
VOGUE SAYS: "A bathing suit—flattering, lightweight"
VOGUE SAYS: "Calf-length pants—cut for work"
VOGUE SAYS: "A sweater—needed warmth for action"

City Week end:

VOGUE SAYS: "A cotton dress—for Friday city dining"
VOGUE SAYS: "The coat-dress—for a Saturday night movie"
VOGUE SAYS: "The little wrap—air-conditioning accessory"
VOGUE SAYS: "Summer-at-home costume—Sunday, all day"
VOGUE SAYS: "Nylon jersey—for Sunday-night party"
VOGUE SAYS: "A fine cooling system—look cool"

Golfing Week end:

VOGUE SAYS: "A dress picked for its uncreasing fabric"
VOGUE SAYS: "Day dress—simple but urbane"
VOGUE SAYS: "A dress—its sleeves slit for 250 yd. drives"
VOGUE SAYS: "A bathing suit—essential for a golfer"

Beach Week end:

VOGUE SAYS: "Town dress—ready for the drive down"
VOGUE SAYS: "Town dress—for church on Sunday, too"
VOGUE SAYS: "Slim pants—longer and louder than ever"
VOGUE SAYS: "Slim pants—in the newest version going"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tennis dress—for Saturday court session"
VOGUE SAYS: "A bathing suit—to double as a playsuit"
VOGUE SAYS: "A cotton dress for the Saturday night dance"

The Party Week end:

VOGUE SAYS: "A sleeveless dress—for the luncheon party"
VOGUE SAYS: "Separates—for Saturday morning inspection"
VOGUE SAYS: "The smartest dress a guest could change into"
VOGUE SAYS: "Dinner dress—designed to dance the night out"
VOGUE SAYS: "White organdie—for the summer ball"
VOGUE SAYS: "A bathing suit—like flowers in water"

TO SELL WHITE FASHIONS:

VOGUE SAYS: "Chalk white—all-time all-summer cooler"
VOGUE SAYS: "Summer whiteness—cotton, worn with black"
VOGUE SAYS: "Whitening—for a summer coolness"
VOGUE SAYS: "White—fresh as a standing order of white tulips"
VOGUE SAYS: "White—wonderful country-day look"
VOGUE SAYS: "The white suit—for Sunday lunch, weddings"
VOGUE SAYS: "The new summer suit—white silk"

TO SELL SUMMER SHOES, STOCKINGS:

VOGUE SAYS: "Summer shoes—cooler than going barefoot"
VOGUE SAYS: "Stockings make their own pinky haze"
VOGUE SAYS: "Young summer shoes—airy, low-heeled"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pink—too good a fashion to stop at the hemline"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pink-and-white sandals—for terrace cocktails"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pink evening sandals—almost a new accessory"
VOGUE SAYS: "White linen pump—pink flavoured"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pink sandals—for very good fashion reasons"

TO SELL LUGGAGE:

VOGUE SAYS: "Nice going—smart new luggage"
VOGUE SAYS: "A man's week-end closet—one suit-suitcase"
VOGUE SAYS: "A mailbag for correspondence—or clothes"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tall slim suitcase—a woman's wardrobe case"
VOGUE SAYS: "Useful luggage—for a week end or world tour"

TO SELL COSMETICS:

VOGUE SAYS: "The complexion—prettiest in whitest sunlight"
VOGUE SAYS: "The pink-and-white complexion—all the way"

TO SELL MEN'S WEAR:

VOGUE SAYS: "A country jacket—cool, new development"
VOGUE SAYS: "A dark business suit—that's naturally cool"
VOGUE SAYS: "The man's country jacket—new and pink"
VOGUE SAYS: "News in a man's suitcase—khaki colour"
VOGUE SAYS: "Newest sports jacket—khaki, in grass-weave silk"
VOGUE SAYS: "Country classic—navy blazer, flannel trousers"
VOGUE SAYS: "New—white duck beach moccasins"
VOGUE SAYS: "A suit on the lines that look best—narrow"



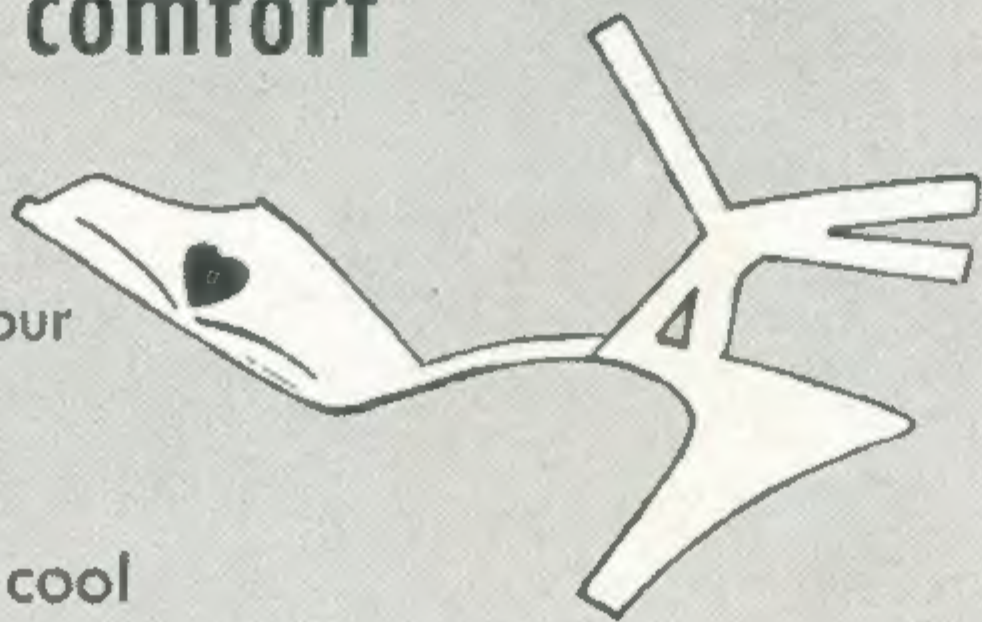
A DEGAS® SUMMER FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER in our exclusive strap pumps made to skim along with all the cottons a girl will wear. Shown, two from our new collection—Mother's two strap, pink or blue kid, 9.95; her one strap, linen with colored beads, 10.95. Seventh Floor. Daughter's shoes; 8½ to 12, 7.95; 12½ to 3, 8.95. Second Floor.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • DETROIT

cool... lovely straw in the five-ounce shoe

with Magic Sole comfort

At the heart of Air Step fashion is the comfort of the Magic Sole... a buoyant, airy cushion skillfully designed to pillow your every step.



So light... it's like wearing a small, cool breeze on each foot. So comfortable (that's the Magic Sole for you!) you can almost imagine you're barefoot. Isn't Air Step a refreshing thought for the warm days ahead? One pair will be hardly enough.

SORRENTO \$8.95

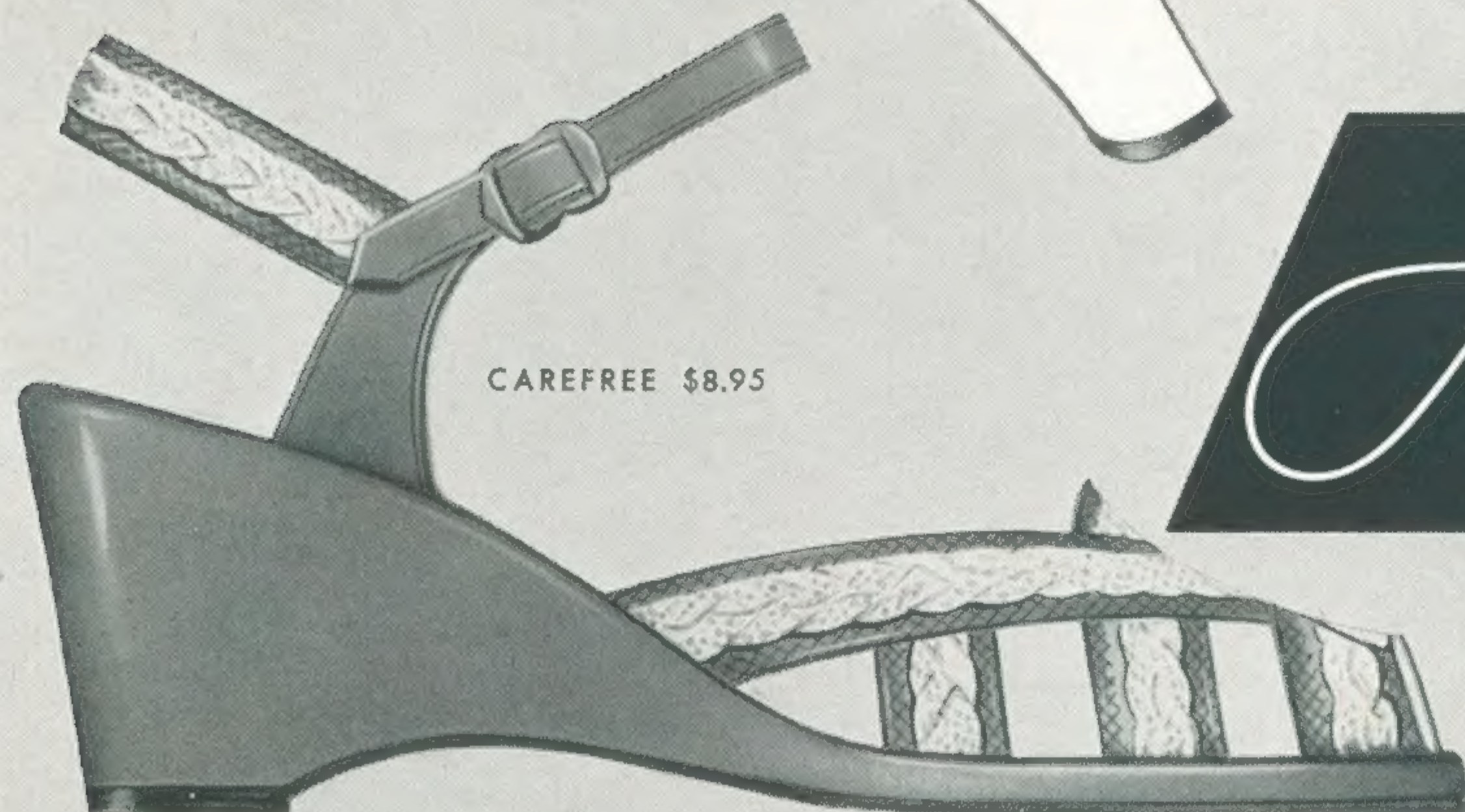
Shoes illustrated.

\$8⁹⁵ and \$11⁹⁵

Other styles \$8.95 to \$12.95
Higher Denver West



TROPIC \$11.95



CAREFREE \$8.95

Air Step®

See them at your dealer's or write
Air Step Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.



YOUR BEST BUY IN SHOE FASHION... PLUS A BONUS OF COMFORT



c.h.d. Robbins'

Robien Fashions

shadow play . . . misty sheath
drifted over with filmy marquisette
and floating lace

by Liberty Fabrics. Ebon black,
navy, mauve-rose, French blue . . .

12 to 44, 12½ to 24½ . . .

about fifty dollars.

. . . with the marvelous new Kee zipper
that releases caught fabric instantly .

AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES...

ATLANTA... REGENSTEIN'S

BOSTON... WM. FILENE'S SONS CO.

BUFFALO... L. L. BERGER, INC.

CINCINNATI... THE H. & S. POGUE CO.

CLEVELAND... HIGBEE CO.

DALLAS... SANGER'S

DETROIT... THE J. L. HUDSON CO.

DENVER... DANIELS & FISHER

HARTFORD... SAGE, ALLEN & CO.

HOUSTON... LEVY BROS. D. G. CO.

INDIANAPOLIS... H. P. WASSON & CO.

LOS ANGELES... J. W. ROBINSON CO.

MIAMI AND ALL OTHER STORES... BURDINE'S

MINNEAPOLIS... DAYTON'S

NEW ORLEANS... D. H. HOLMES CO. LTD.

NEW YORK... B. ALTMAN & CO.

PHILADELPHIA... B. W. DEWEES, INC.

RICHMOND... MILLER & RHODES INC.

ST. LOUIS & CLAYTON... FAMOUS & BARR

SAN ANTONIO... JOSKE'S OF TEXAS

OR WRITE C. H. D. ROBBINS

525 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y. C.

LACES BY

Liberty  *Fabrics*
OF NEW YORK, INC.

HAT AND ACCESSORIES—MR. JOHN



Stephanie Koret designs

Koret of California
"...because Americans want the best"

PAIR-OFFS in PIMAKOR*: coat about 15.00 • print skirt about 8.00 • print blouse about 5.00 • sizes 10-18 • colors: coat—red, black, green; print skirt—print on white, print on black

*PIMAKOR: Everglaze® cotton, guaranteed washable • Koret of California, 611 Mission Street, San Francisco, California

Available at J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS, Omaha • F. & R. LAZARUS & CO., Columbus • BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles • FRANKLIN SIMON, New York, and better stores everywhere

life stride
® the young point of view in shoes

presents

neon

whites

with

slendered

heels

In three city

heel heights, going up...

up...up! And the heels

are slimmer... the white is

whiter than ever. To light your day and

night dresses...this luxury fashion at a welcome price.

Shoes illustrated,

\$ 8⁹⁵

Other styles, \$7.95 to \$9.95 (Higher Denver West)

At your Life Stride dealer's or write Life Stride Division,
Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis





Faerie

Ever felt that most nighties are designed for sirens? Then you must see the pretty gowns by Faerie! They're frankly feminine—yet refreshingly refined. See this style (6931) at your favorite store. The dainty embroidered nosebags are part of the exclusive Faerie "handmade look." In long-lovely nylon tricot—white, blue, orchid and mint. Sizes 32 to 38. Price? A sensible \$7.95.

Fairy Silk Mills, Inc., Shillington, Pa. • 385 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



Guyana

“White Shoulders” Cologne

with the bulbless Golden Atomizer



**Fabulously Simple
Simply Fabulous**

There is no charge for the atomizer

Whether you're winging into the horizon or grounded at home, you're airborne on heavenly Haymakers. Step into one . . . tie on the other . . . and you're off in the best looking shoes around. Handsewn and handcrafted, they're cobbled of one seamless sweep of cloud-soft kip-calfskin. And so comfortable, they're wizards at pampering your feet between dress-up occasions. Yours in 9 marvelous colors and all of 90 sizes. Each, \$14.95. And to travel with them, Haymaker's wonderful gloves in matching leathers. At fine stores across the country. For store nearest you, write HAYMAKER Shoe Corp., Dept. V5, 47 West 34th St., N. Y.



HAYMAKERS, YOUR BEST FORM OF TRANSPORTATION

Haymakers®
the softest shoes that ever walked

there is only one you...

there is only one face powder for you...

the one made-to-order exclusively for you



Charles of the Ritz

RITZ make

Catalina

DESIGNS SWIMSUITS ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

These enhance a small bosom					Beau Catcher Darlin' Daughter Kitty Puff Honey Child
These minimize a large bosom					Golden Pheasant Leading Lady Shipshape Success Story
These slim the upper leg					Fabulous Fit Weskit Scallops Pretty Foxy

The most attractive women in the world are those who are clever about their figures... and wear clothes that cover up or reveal just what they should!

The Figure Chart above shows which Catalina designs do the most for *your* figure. This is a personalized service provided only by Catalina, and perhaps you'll want to take this page with you when you shop.

Shown: "Only a Rose" (front), black laton taffeta with applique rose—\$19.95; "Success Story" (upper left), cinnamon laton taffeta—\$19.95; "Pixie Puff" (center), pink pearl laton taffeta—\$17.95; "Can Can" (right), paradise blue laton taffeta—\$17.95.

For name of nearest store, write: Catalina, Inc., Dept. J, 443 So. San Pedro, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

For copy of new folder, "Ten Glamour Tips for the Beach," send 10¢ to above address.

Originators and producers of the *Miss Universe Beauty Pageant*.

© 1954 Suntan by Skol



Introducing an Extraordinary New Bathroom Scale



Designed by Raymond Loewy Associates

THE

Flight

BY BORG



Colors: Jet Black, Cloud White,
Sky Blue, Sun Yellow, Dawn Pink, Sea Green

Here's a new conception of the bath scale, with everything you want in a scale incorporated in a case of jewel-like beauty. The platform, in muted colors, is mar-proof Vinylite—the trim, silvery and golden metals. Sleek, slim and beautiful, with a broad dial to make reading your weight easy, and the famous Borg mechanism to tell your exact weight always. . . . A conversation piece, and *the* gift for any occasion. \$15.00 (West, \$15.75).

You can believe your

BORG

Jacqueline Mink by N. H. Rosenthal, Chicago



A Borg-Erickson product



Izod sportswear

HONEYMAN



in colorful fabrics by Everfast®

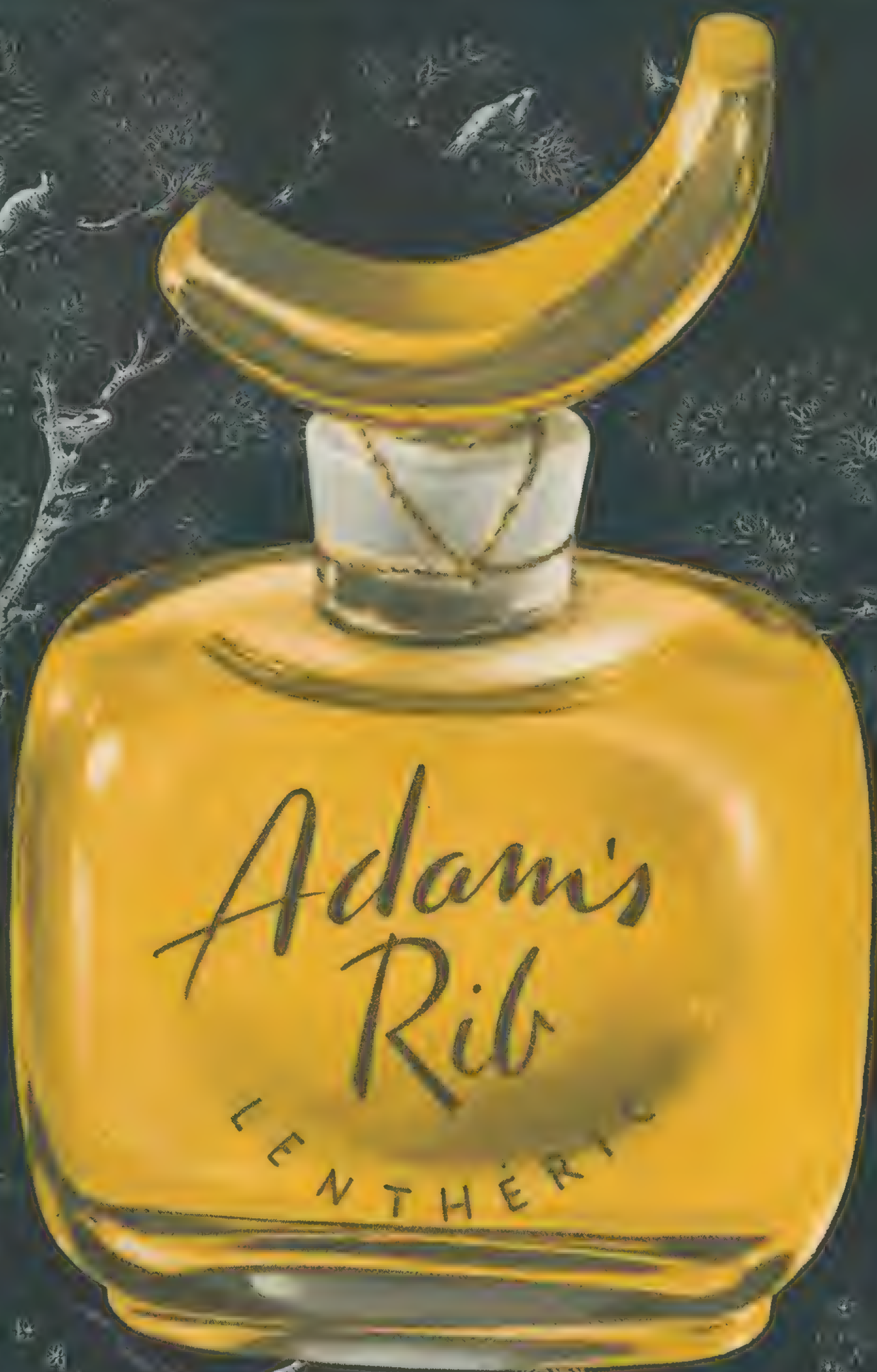
made crease-resistant by EVERGLAZE®

Many an IZOD makes a summer . . . and a cool one when the fabrics are by EVERFAST! Reading from left to right: Cabana Suit: swim trunks and short-sleeve shirt of Cairolawn, a sheer fine Egyptian cotton by Everfast, printed predominantly in blue, gold or red. Shirt, \$10.50; trunks, \$8.50. Fly-front, short-sleeve shirt in white striped with navy, red or khaki, \$11.50. Walking shorts in Sportlyn by Everfast—a rayon and cotton fabric that looks and feels like linen—in charcoal, khaki, red, navy or black, \$11.50. Short-sleeve sport shirt in a foulard print on Cairolawn with blue, rust, yellow or grey predominant, \$10.50. Walking shorts come in sizes 30 to 44. Swim shorts and all shirts in small, medium, large and extra large.

B. Altman & Co., *New York*. Julius Garfinckel, *Washington, D. C.* Neiman-Marcus, *Dallas*. J. W. Robinson, *Los Angeles*. Halle Bros., *Cleveland*. J. L. Hudson, *Detroit*. Woolf Bros., *Kansas City, Mo., Tulsa*. Also other fine stores.

IZOD SPORTSWEAR MADE BY DAVID CRYSTAL
498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18





never never never

since the world began—has there been a perfume like Adam's Rib

Perfume 1 oz. \$18.50, ½ oz. \$10.00, dram \$3.00

Toilet Water 3½ oz. \$4.00, 2 oz. \$2.50 prices plus tax

Lenthéric
New York Paris London

dark outlook

Lebow's dark secret (Comosilk) is out

—in carbon black, charcoal, black-blue or

walnut-brown Italian silk—for men

who really want comfort. Incredibly light.

Delightfully cool.

The lady says "yes"
Lebow
CLOTHES



DRESS: PAULINE TRIGÈRE

PHOTO: STEPHEN COLHOUN

A few of the stores where Lebow Clothes are sold. For other dealers write
Lebow Bros., Inc., Baltimore 2, Md. • New York, LORD & TAYLOR • Atlanta, RICH'S STORE FOR MEN
• Baltimore, HUTZLER'S • Birmingham, BURGER-PHILLIPS • Cleveland, THE HALL BROS. CO. • Dallas, DREYFUSS & SON
• Denver, GANO DOWNS CO. • Ft. Wayne, WOLF & DESSAUER • Jacksonville, LEVY'S • Kansas City &
Oklahoma City, ROTHSCHILD'S • Los Angeles, ROBINSON'S • Minneapolis,
THE DAYTON CO. • Philadelphia, JOHN WANAMAKER • Pittsburgh, KAUFMANN'S
• Richmond, THALHIMERS • San Francisco, ROOS BROS. • Seattle, LITTLER, INC.
• Tulsa, CLARKE'S • Washington, D. C., LEWIS & THOS. SALTZ, INC.

Father's Day is June 20th

A man's idea of a tie...

SULKA'S SUMMER TWILLS



Father or no, as long as he's male, he'll love the gift of Sulka's superb twill silk neckwear.

Wonderful foils for a man's summer wardrobe, their unusually handsome patterns are printed on white grounds.

Blue, brown, green or red. Ready-made or made to order, \$7.50.

Other silks from \$5.50 to \$12.50

A. Sulka & Company

661 FIFTH AVE., AT 52 ST., NEW YORK
2 SO. MICHIGAN AVE. AT MADISON, CHICAGO
PARIS, LONDON
MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED

DIFFERENT for DAD



CLEVEREST BAR APRON YOU'VE EVER SEEN. Exclusive colorful print—looks out windows of old saloon. Washable, fine quality sail cloth. Masculine appeal—a conversational piece for fun and utility. Send order early. NO C.O.D.'s please.

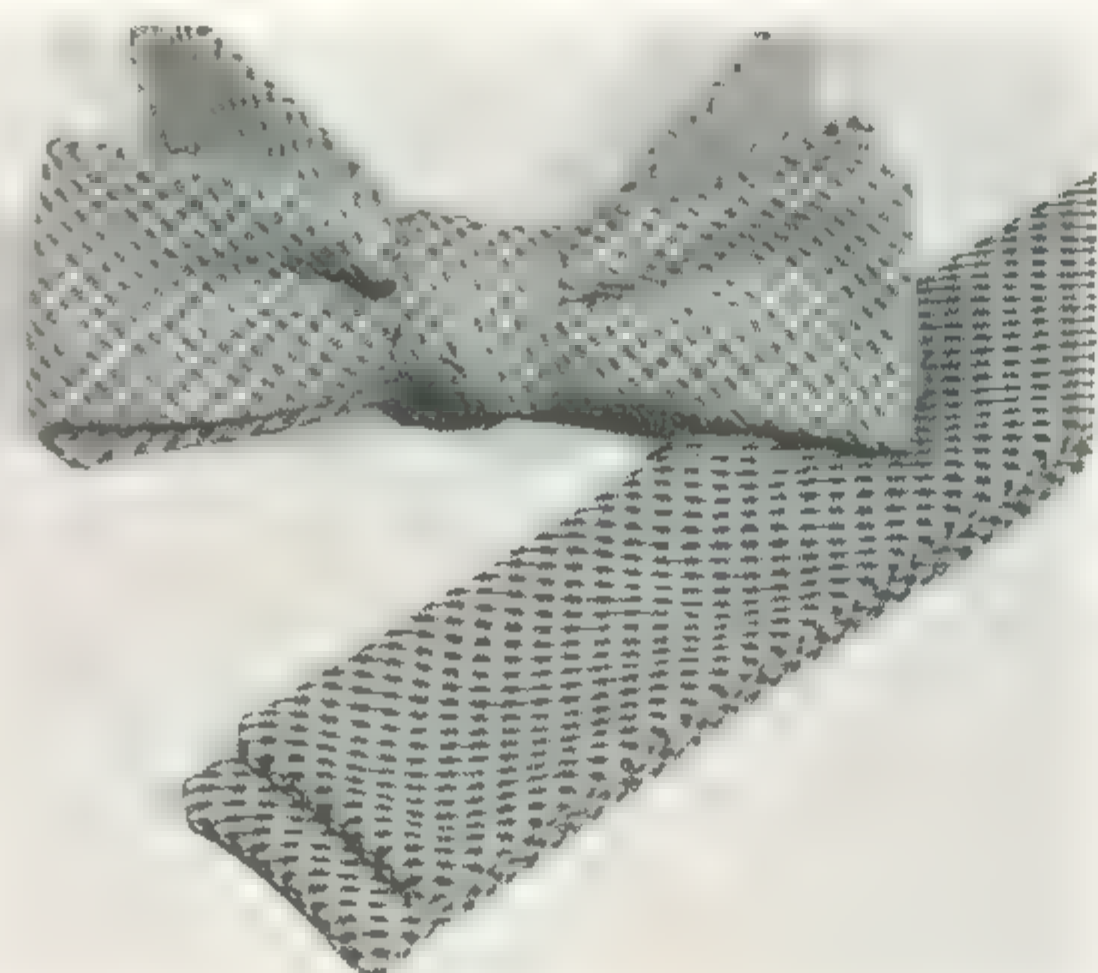
Only \$2.95 plus 25c postage

GIFT Lane

BOX 1010
Des Moines 11, Iowa



SHOP HOUND



1

1. Bow ties, zephyr weight and washable.

(We picture them with cord suits and button-down shirts.)

By Wembley, of Dan River checked cotton, in maroon, blue, brown, green, or black.

\$1.10 ppd. Blach's, Birmingham 3, Alabama.

2. Clear as a windowpane—

this vinyl-windowed tie case of navy-blue grosgrain lined with white satin.

Excellent for travelling,

and equally good at home, it holds at least ten ties, hangs up or folds up.

\$7.50. Dominique France,

53 E. 51st St., New York.

3. This will take care of a man's money.

It's a sterling silver handmade money clip, neat and handsome with three initials. (Recommended for ushers or as a week-end present.)

\$3.95 inc. tax ppd. Forrest Silversmiths, 383 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

4. Man's watch—handsome, nice price, too. It has a 17-jewel movement,

it's self-winding, has a 14-k gold case, a legible face, and an alligator strap.

(Added attraction: the little red second hand.) \$50 inc. tax ppd.

Unique Gifts, Box 164, Glen Ridge, N. J.

5. The indispensable extra—a jacket of sturdy Galey & Lord cotton,

in a good bright colour.

This, in yellow, red, or natural.

Sizes 38 to 44 in regular or long.

\$18.50. Outdoor Traders,

47 E. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

6. Here, the grand old man

of the bedroom slipper world—

leather moccasin-front mules

with leather soles and heel pads.

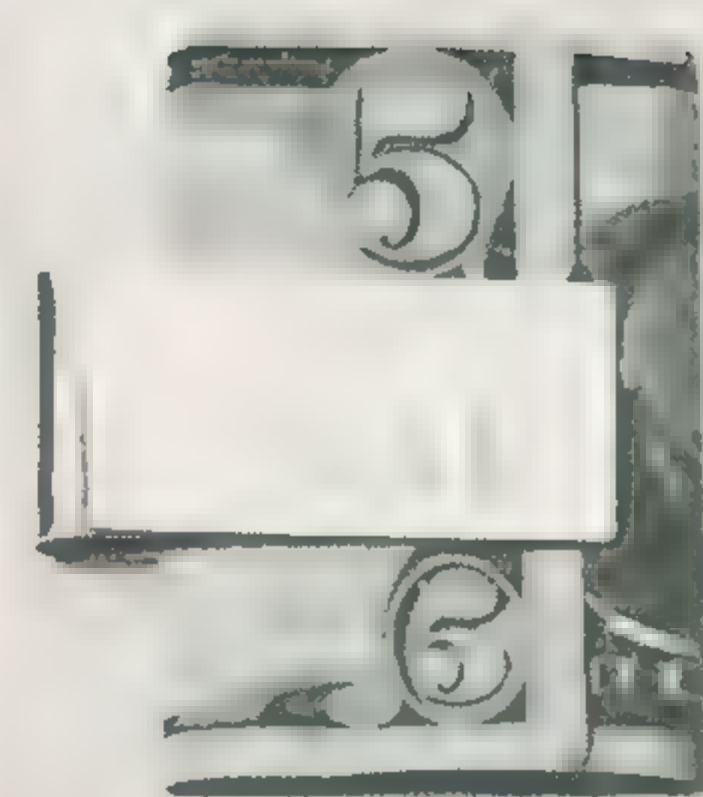
They have a special soilproof finish

and a plaid lining. By Daniel Green.

\$7. Altman, 361 5th Ave., N. Y.



2



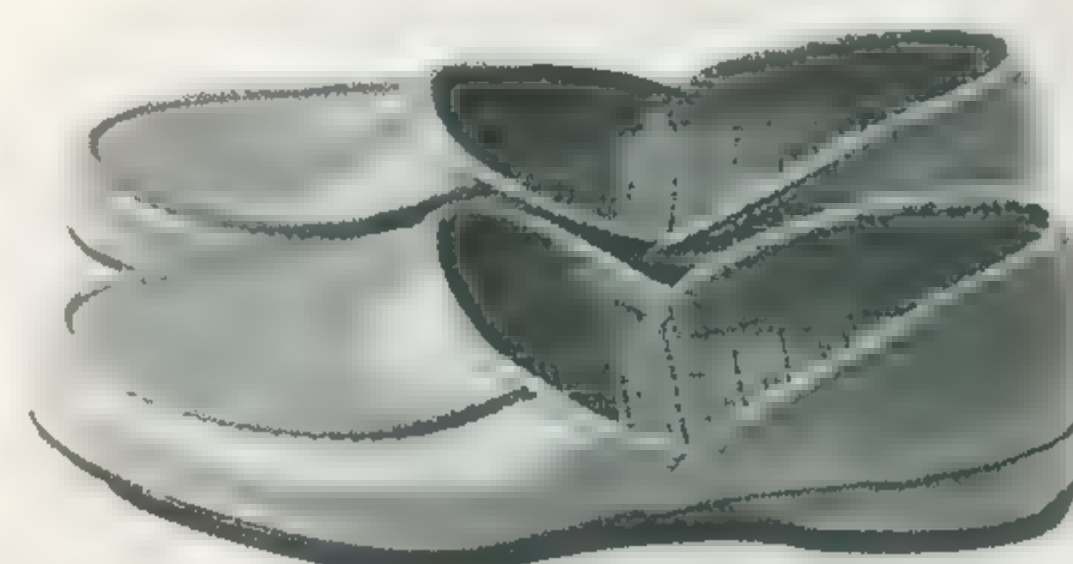
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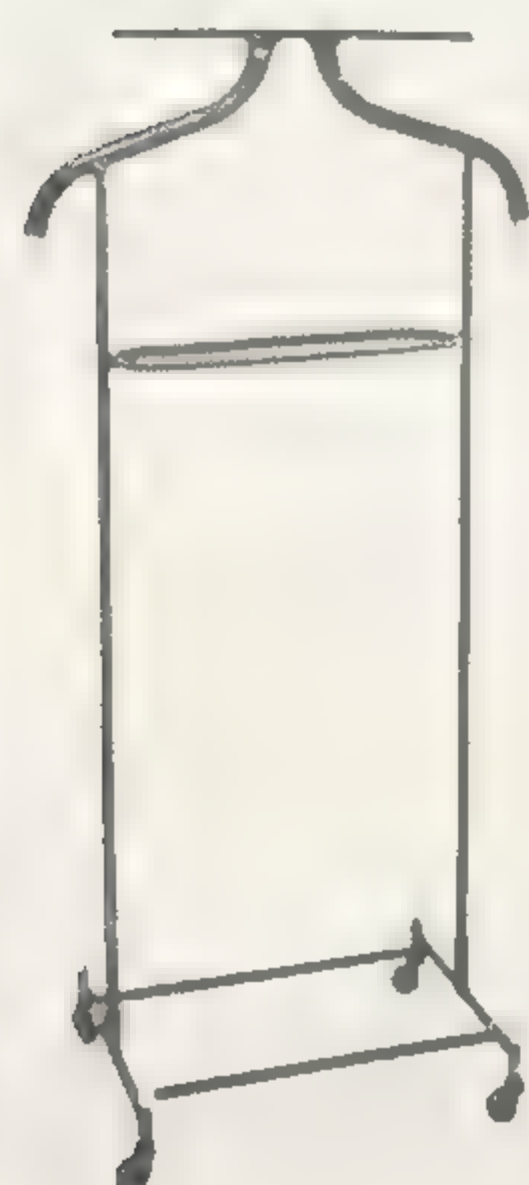


6

...follows the men

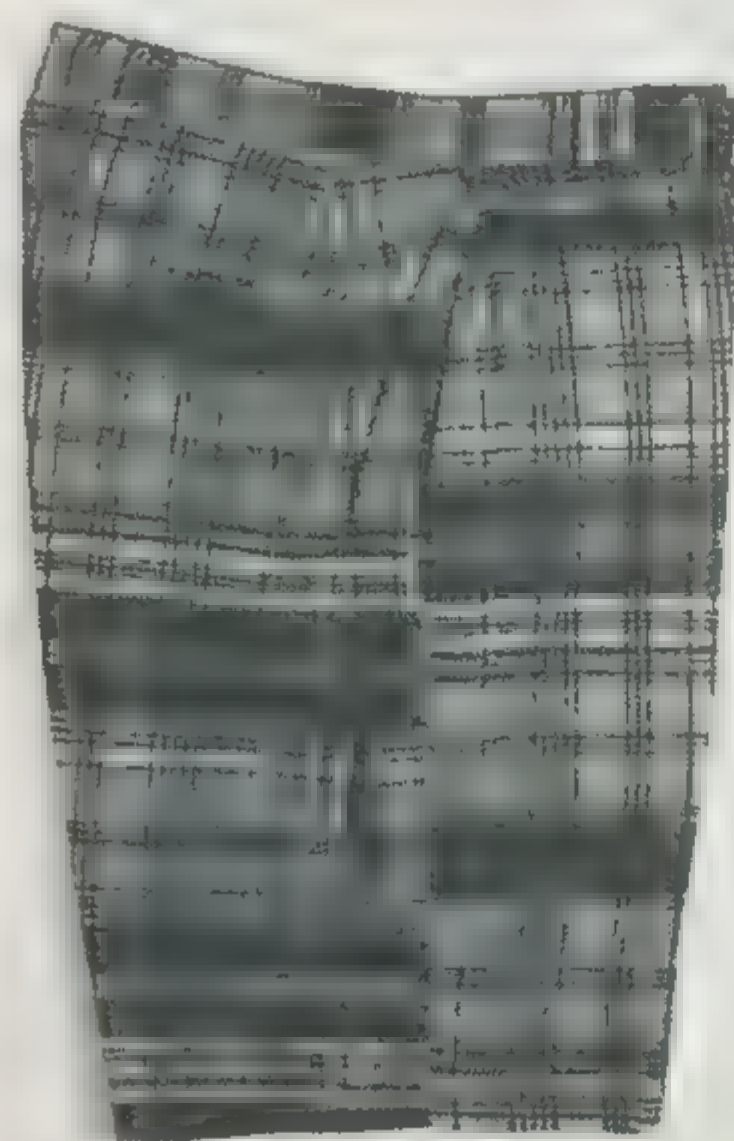


Left: Alpaca answers a man's sweater needs for golf and after-golf terrace wear. Lightweight and knitted in a porous stitch, we visualize it with linen slacks or a madras jacket. White, yellow, brown, black, or blue. Small to extra large. \$35. Bergdorf Goodman, 754 5th Ave., N. Y.



Left: The neat and silent valet—news now in wrought iron with brass ends, and on its feet—rollers. Height, about 41", width, 12", shoulders, 20". (Good suggestion for a new household.) \$12 express collect. Edith Chapman, 50 Piermont Ave., Nyack, N. Y.

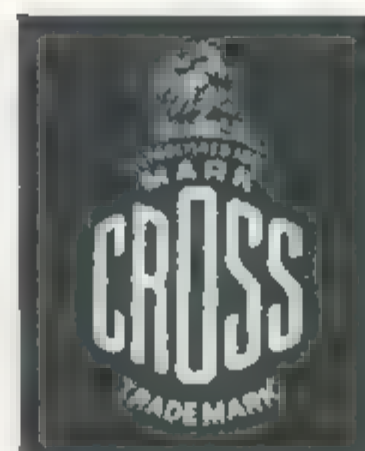
MIEHLMANN



Right: To our way of thinking, just about the handsomest shorts this side of the Bahamas. They're of Indian madras cotton in predominating shades of blue, yellow, green, or maroon. Length: Bermuda-length. Sizes 30 to 44. \$12.50 ppd. Dodd of Spring Lake, 1209 3rd Ave., Spring Lake, N. J.



Left: Portable safe—for a man to wear around his waist. Inside this belt: two long zippered pockets, the length for bills and checks. Black or brown cowhide with brass buckle, made in sizes 28 to 42. \$3.95 ppd. Clarion Products, Box 255V, Highland Park, Ill.



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(Left) Full length, deep napped terry cloth, shawl collar, full belt. Easy, casual fit. Maize, white, tan, gray, blue. Men's Sizes: S(to 36), M(38-40), L(42-44), XL(46). Ladies' Sizes: XS(32-34). Postpaid, \$14.

(Right) Hampton Beach Coat in ¾ length terry cloth. Button front. Zipper pocket waterproof and plastic lined for cigarets, keys, etc. White, canary. Men's sizes, same as full length. Ladies' Sizes: XS(32-34). Postpaid, \$15.50.



Pretty baby blouse by Greta Platty in fine combed cotton broadcloth—with rows of etched eyelet ruffles in front and back. The scooped neckline is elasticized and adjustable for sun tanned shoulders. White or black—sizes 8 to 16—\$11.95

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SHOP



Left: Thin heel, pointed toe—and the colours? Pink, blue, yellow, navy-blue, red, parchment, tan, Bénédicte, black, grey, and white calfskin, black patent leather. Sizes 4 to 10, AAAA to C. \$15.95. Barrister, 679 5th Ave., N. Y.

Right: Black and white: cultured pearl earrings in different combinations—all white, one black and one white, or all black.

Prices vary accordingly: \$69, \$89, \$98 inc. tax ppd. Colette, 667 Madison Ave., N. Y.



MIEHLMANN



Left: Summer outdoor night-lighting—hurricane lamps. These, portable and with a black iron base and adjustable candle holder, to hold even the fattest candles. A pair: \$3.60 ppd. Natalie Fielding, 550 5th Ave., N. Y.

Right: Permanently found, the key to the sardine tin.

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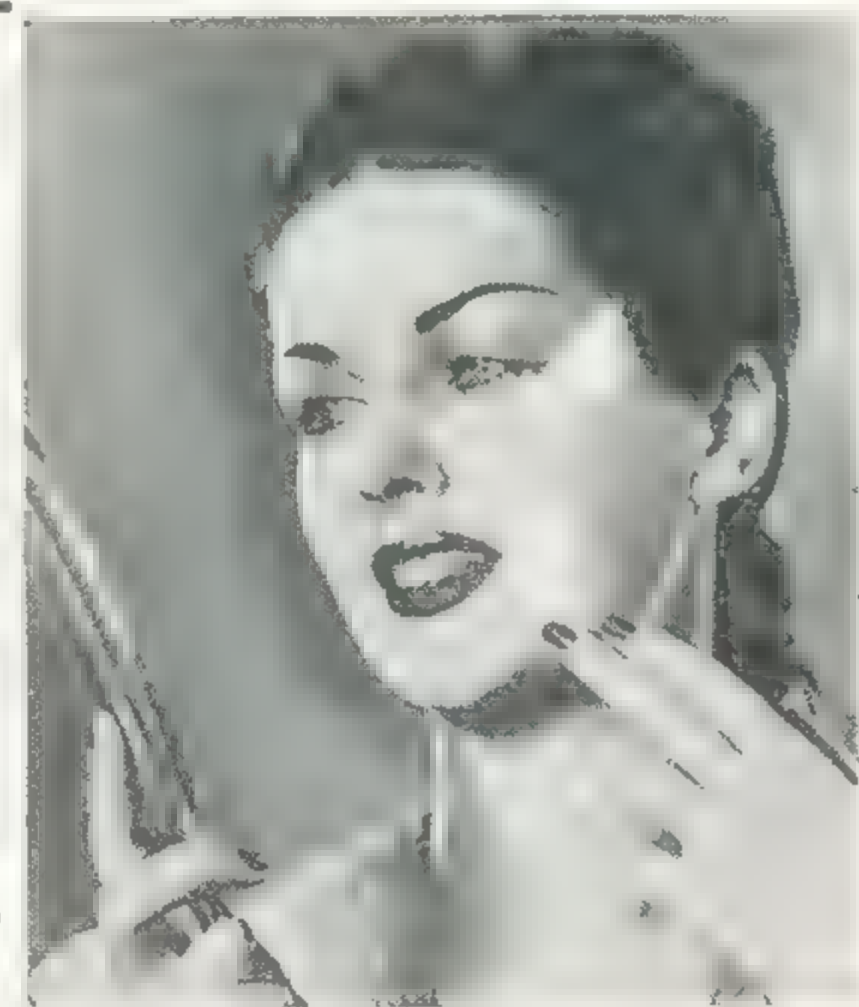
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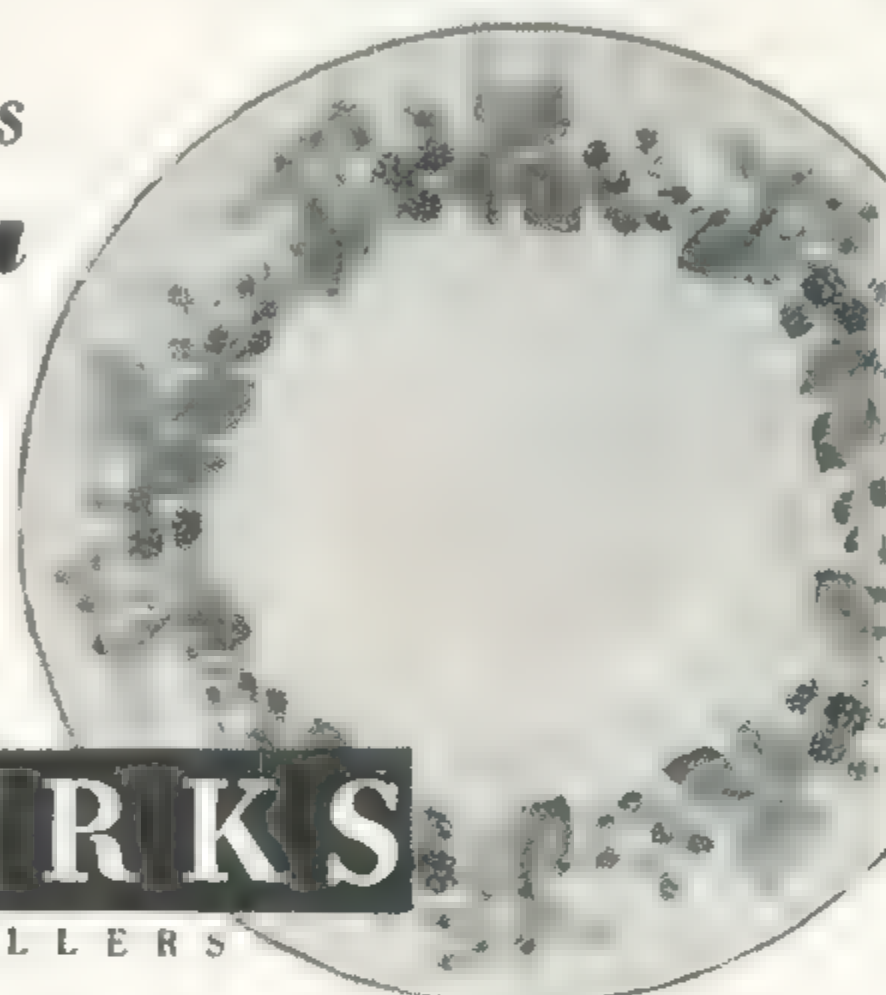
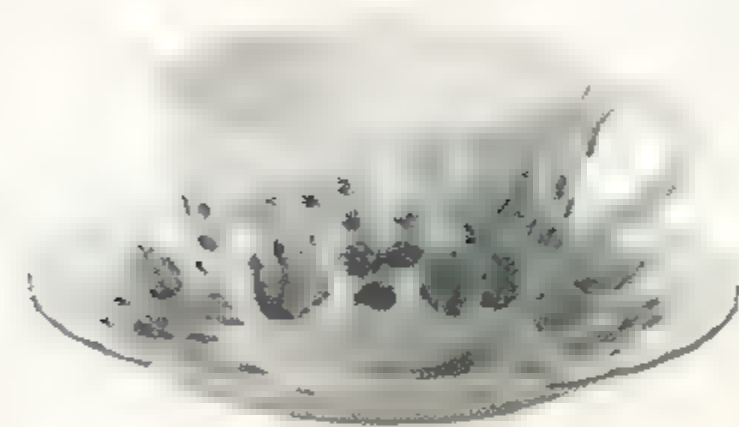
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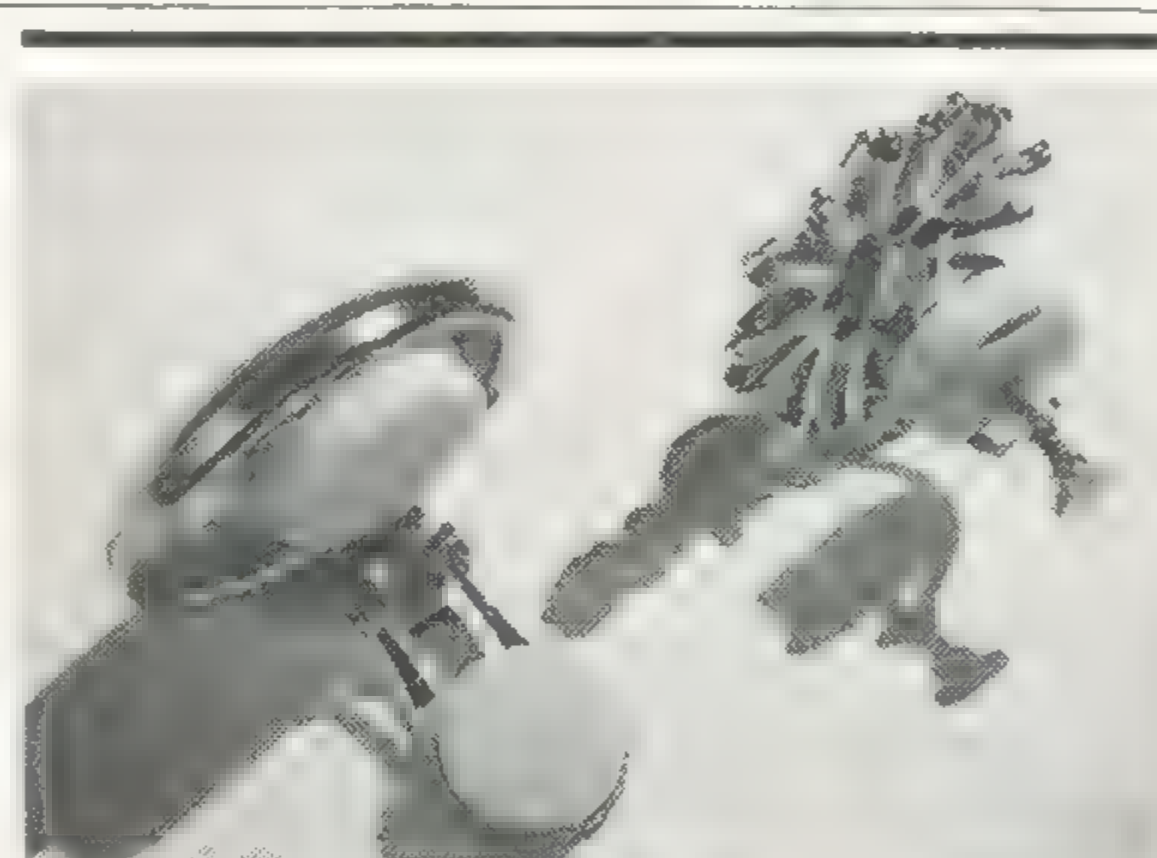
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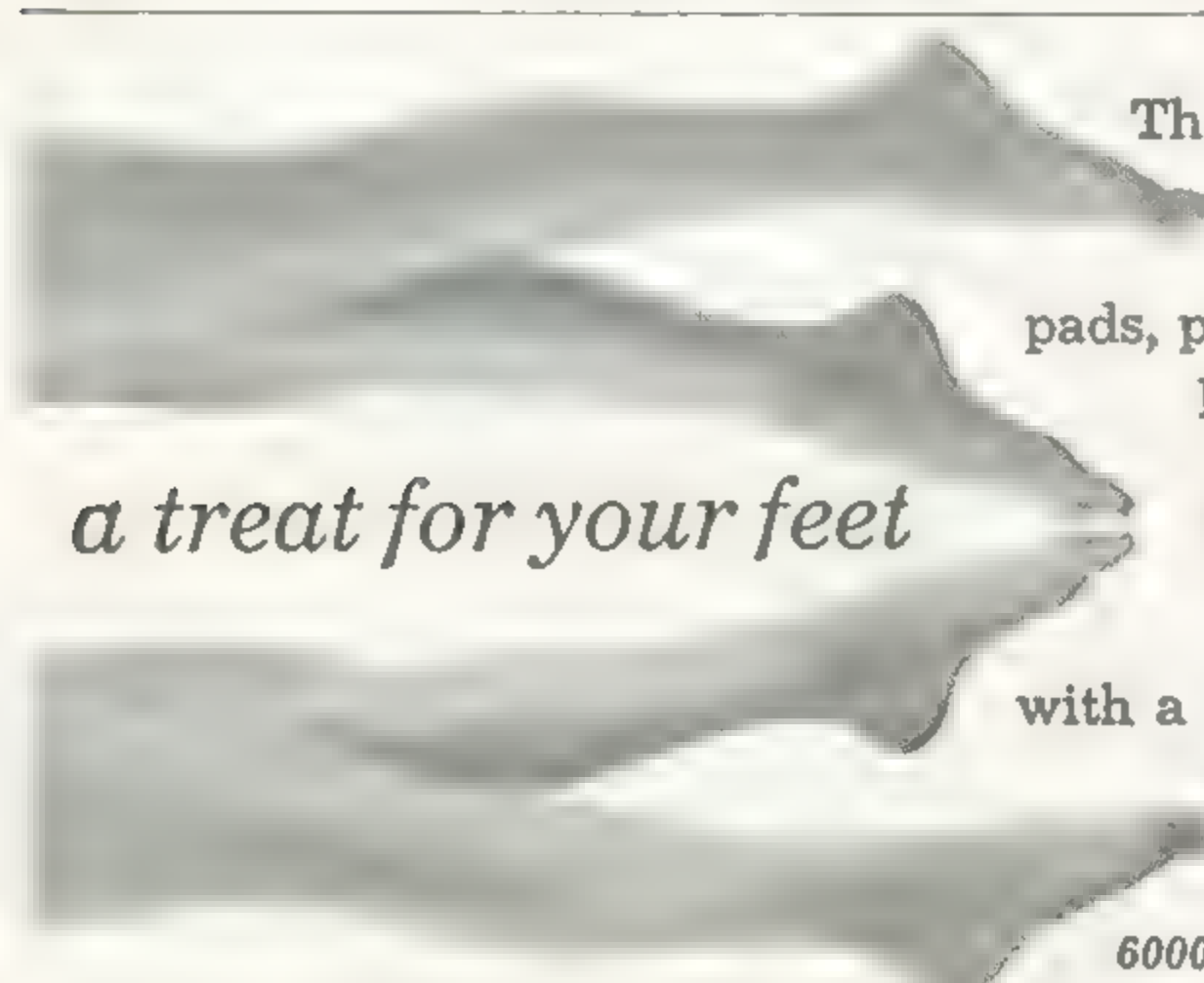
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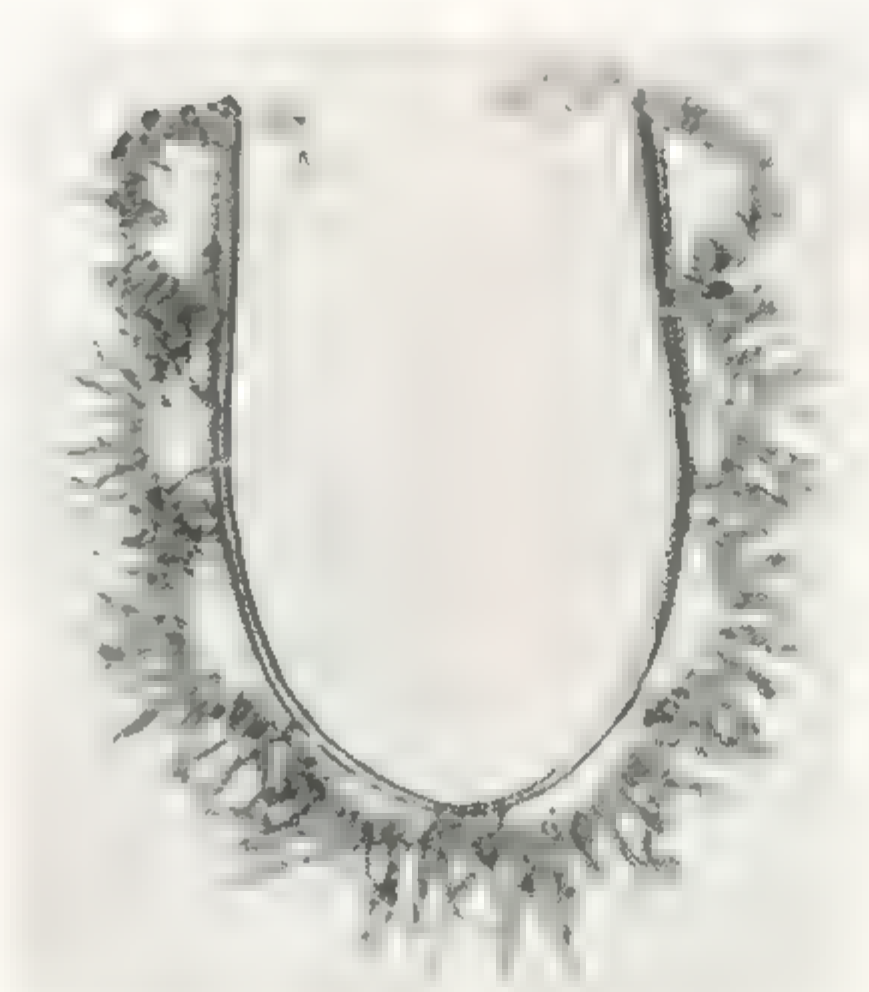
HOUND

...eye on summer



Left: Capezio's latest—cut very low and held across the throat with invisible elastic. Navy-blue kid or black patent with a 2" sliver heel. \$12.95 plus 25c post. French Boot Shop, 541 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Right: Great year for coral. So, Italian coral branches on a thin gold leather band and each coral branch is spiked with a rhinestone. \$25 tax inc., ppd. Originals by Beardsley. 11630 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, Calif.



Left: Palm leaves pattern terry-cloth beach towels. Red and blue, sienna and gold, green and fuchsia, chartreuse and olive, on a white background. Towel: 60" by 36". \$3.95 plus 35c post. Renée Montague, 667 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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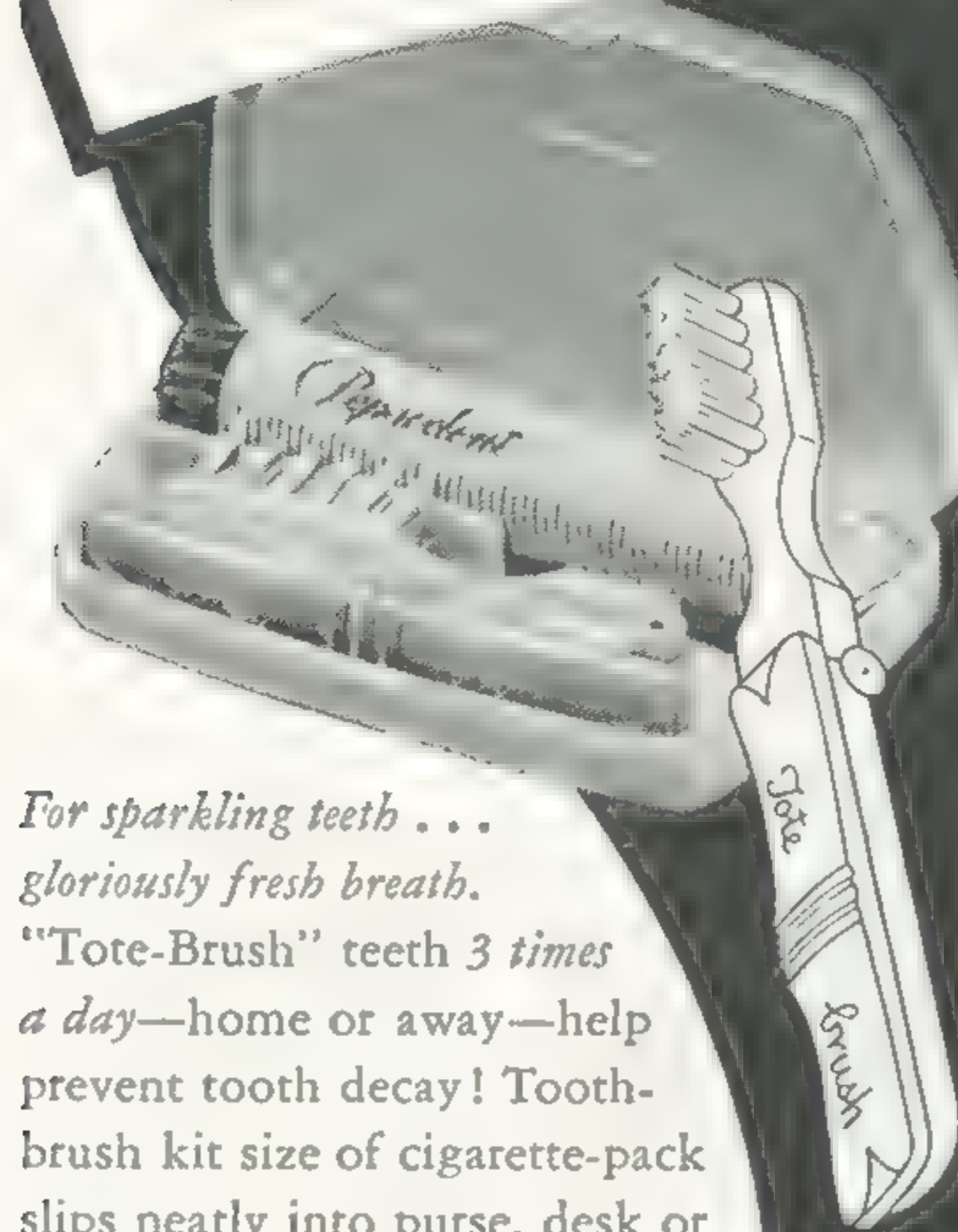
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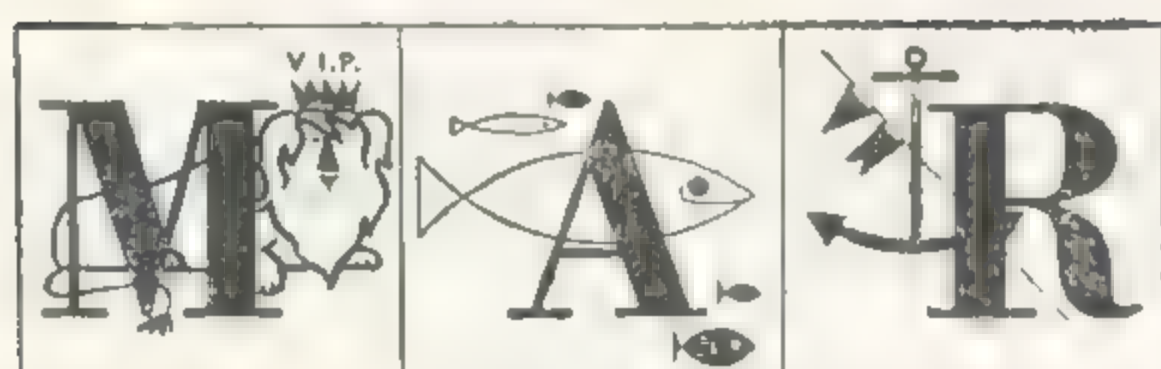
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continental bath towel

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Pink and white shoes...

How, where, when?



Two pretty opera pumps—nice with linen suits in the country.
Shoe pointing left: A pink kidskin shoe with a narrow bow and three rows of "pinking" on the toe. By Valley, \$16. At Best's.
Shoe pointing right: White calfskin with raised detail at the throat. By Rhythm Step, \$14. At Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller.

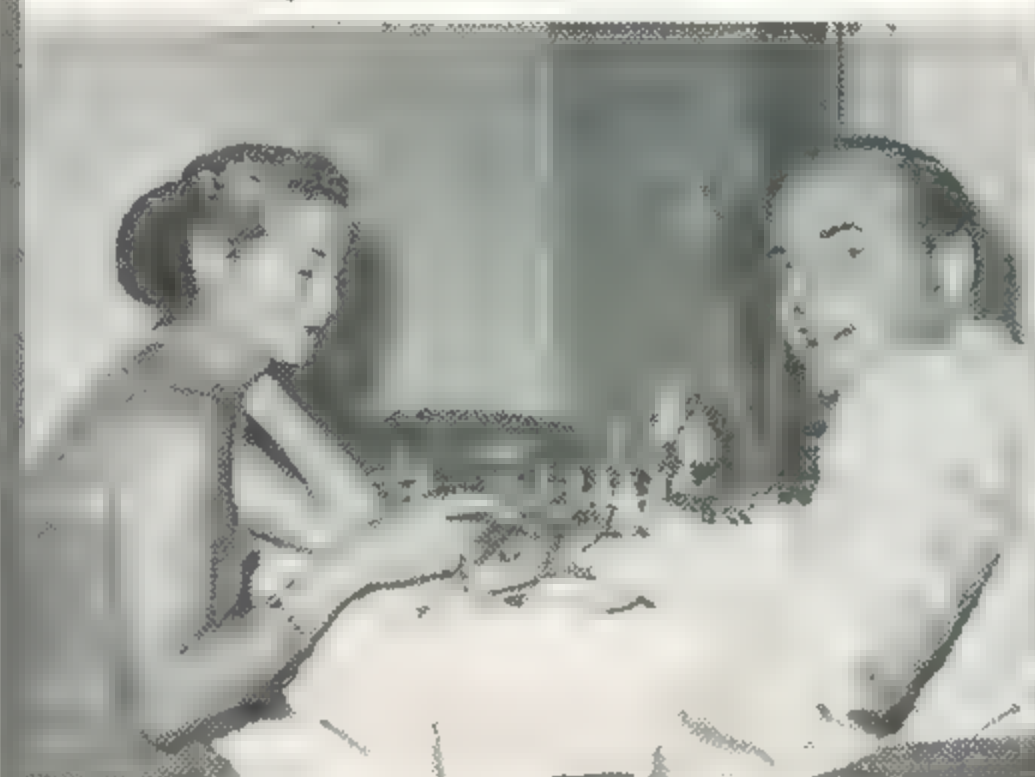


Two rather dressed-up sandals, to wear with full silk dresses.
Shoe pointing left: A pink kidskin sandal, bare-heeled, quite covered-up toe. By Carmelletes, \$13. At Oppenheim Collins.
Shoe pointing right: Pink kidskin sandal: two wide bands. By De Liso Debs, \$18. Abraham & Straus; Woodward & Lothrop.



Two young sandals, quite low heeled, wonderful with cottons.
Shoe pointing left: A soft white kidskin sandal with narrow straps around the heel, wide bands at the toe. By Accent.
Shoe pointing right: Another low heeled sandal: this, a gathering of white calfskin straps. By Life Stride, \$9. At Rich's.

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BLUMENFELD

COVER: A young woman who might be on her way—and very smartly—to the week ends told about in this issue. Sally Victor hat, David Crystal dress described on page 74.

MAY 15, 1954

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l'art du parfum
CARON



LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
LES POIS DE SENTEUR
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE
BELLODZIA

Vogue's eye view: the newest auto accessory



Cigarette lighters: cars have them.
Radios, telephones: cars have those, too.
There are even gadgets
that wash the windshield at the
push of a button, and (just invented)
that massage your neck while you drive.
But until now, not even the snappiest Jaguar
was equipped to deal with wind-blown hair—
a scarf kept in the glove compartment
had to do the best it could.



All verbs used here are in the past tense,
notice—because now there are many
smart-looking new methods for keeping
your coiffure unruffled at a 60 mph clip.
In fact, now a coiffure can even be
setting in pin curls under-cover during
the drive back from the beach.
The method here: the new car-cap,
a pretty scarf sewn to a metal headband and
tied back into a neat, pretty hat-shape.
All these, in printed cottons; under \$5 each,
halter tops to match,
under \$7 each.
All are at Altman; Montaldo's.



COFFIN

Week ends—

The 1954 summer series

How many week ends make a summer? Fifteen or so, starting right now. Which means this for week-enders (and it's the theme of this issue): some fifty days of special dressing to arrange for, almost a whole summer-clothes life of its own. On the pages ahead, wardrobe plans applicable to week ends wherever you're spending them, and however you're spending them—golfing, swimming, partying, country visiting, or staying coolly air-conditioned in town. Here, basic week-end check lists.

Week-end fashion anywhere

Chalk white, in any amount—a chalk-white handkerchief linen dinner blouse, say, or a sun dress of chalky cotton georgette. Covered-up bathing suits, cut sleeved, jacketed, or décolleté in the manner of a dress. One-colour schemes in shorts and shirts—a long-sleeved pink cotton shirt, with long tailored shorts of pink linen and a pink sweater. In fact, sweaters everywhere, from beach to summer balls. And pink ditto. Pink evening sandals are almost a new necessary. Pants with a looser new cut around the calf. Headbands, and two-piece hats—skimmers clapped over silk scarfs. Long cotton drawstring evening skirts.

News in a man's suitcase

A new colour—khaki. Khaki shorts, trunks, shirts, sports jackets. Newest beach shirt—khaki cut collarless. Newest sports jacket—khaki, in a grassy new silk weave. Also news, pink sports jackets (opposite) in Dacron and cotton that wash and dry overnight. Country suits of Dacron and linen that week-end without a wrinkle. White duck beach moccasins with rubber soles. And, a continuing country classic, navy-blue blazers worn with white flannel trousers—a handsome fill-in between day sports things and dinner jackets.

Wanted week in, week out

To be kept ready in suitcases or (if suitcases arrive without them) in guest rooms, these week-end basics—now's a good time to lay in a complete summer supply: extra toothbrushes and ten-cent tubes of toothpaste, strong combs, hair clips, emery boards, book matches, cigarettes, cleansing tissues, sewing things, safety pins, razor blades, sun lotion, bathing caps, plastic bottles, scratch paper, pencils, paperback mysteries—and an extra two dozen face cloths; even in the best-kept linen closets, these are mysteriously apt to run out.

Facing page: Week-enders, at ease anywhere. The Sunday-lunch dress, of persimmon linen rimmed with doll-size rope; about \$30. By Kenneth Tischler in Irish linen. The man's country jacket, one of the newest—it's pink; it's Dacron and cotton with an Oxford-shirting weave; it can be washed (and dried) overnight. By Haspel, \$35. Both, Saks Fifth; Julius Garfinckel; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. (Daks slacks, also Saks Fifth.)



W. Somers.





Party week end

It's nicer, sometimes, than a gross of roses—the invitation to a big beautiful house in the country, for the biggest, gayest week end of the season. Here, worn by Mrs. Amory Carhart, junior, clothes that go into a party week-end suitcase, whether it's bound for Southampton, Santa Barbara, or Biarritz.

The luncheon party: there's bound to be one after church on Sunday, and Mrs. Carhart's ready for it, pretty for it, in white linen bound with pink satin. Sleeveless dress, in Moygashel linen, and white cashmere sweater, newly short and also pale-pink satin at the edges—by David Goodstein. \$95. Henri Bendel; Dayton's. Man's blazer, Brooks Brothers.

The trip down: travelling, above, to Southampton by a Ventura Air Service seaplane, a linen dress in the famous Fair Isle print, \$50. Pongee coat, \$55. By B. H. Wragge. Bonwit Teller.



RAWLINGS

Party week end *continued*

Saturday-morning inspection: left, Mrs. Carhart looking over the aviary, in short pink linen shorts, \$13, and a pink silk Honan shirt overcollared in dandelion-yellow, \$25. By B. H. Wragge. These and the Van S bag, at Bonwit Teller. The hat: Mr. John.



Saturday cocktails: and, below left, the prettiest current dress a house-party guest could change into—a silk print. This, white shantung with yellow roses, \$60. Beads, looped à la Chanel, by Richelieu. All, Peck & Peck, New York. The man's Dacron and linen suit: Brooks Brothers.

The summer ball: right, Mrs. Carhart dressed for dinner and the dancing afterwards in white Stoffel organdie masked with flowery white lace. By Philip Hulitar, \$265. At De Pinna; Marshall Field. Covering one blue satin shoulder strap here, a new fur—American Empress chinchilla. Maximilian. Also at Holt Renfrew of Canada.







RAWLINGS

Party week end *continued*

Sunday croquet: left, Mrs. Carhart playing in pink, her favourite colour—and fashion's. The pants, in rayon and linen, \$12; the pink cashmere Pringle cardigan, \$28, here showing the collar of a white shirt, \$8. (Shirt and pants are by Evan-Picone in McBratney fabric.) Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Also in the game: Mr. William O. Harbach, and, at the wicket, Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope, junior.

Afternoon at the pool: and, right, a bathing suit that looks like flowers floating in the water—violets printed on white piqué; violet cords. By Tina Leser, \$23. At Lord & Taylor.

The drive back: piling into the car, above, a perfect car coat (three-quarter) that's actually a town coat by profession. White linen, brass buttons, back pleat. By Harry Frechtel, \$95. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. The car: a Chrysler.



“Come help...”

week end

“Come help us garden . . . no parties.” Visiting here from England, Miss Anne Gunning Parker tries out (and dresses for) an old American custom: the week-end cultivation of other people’s gardens.



Arriving, with present: sleeveless dress of Reeves’ washable striped shirting, \$35. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. Her sweater gives all the warmth that’s needed for active days. For her hostess: fireman’s-red watering can with the new long snout, from Max Schling.



HORST



Tractor team: serious, but attractive about it. She wears khaki-coloured cotton pants (cut for work, but not *too* loosely), \$5.50; saddle-stitched navy-blue cotton shirt, \$5. Back-seat driver wears blue Madras coat, \$6.50; slacks, \$6, both Dan River cotton. His and her clothes by White Stag, Sanforized. All at Bloomingdale's; J. P. Allen. Her shoes, Cobblers, \$7. At Bloomingdale's. Straw hat, \$2, Pan American Shop.



Surveying the grounds: guest in blue and white striped jacket, \$7; blue skirt, \$8. Fine to have along in case your hosts decide to take you visiting friends down the road. Both by Bill Atkinson in Dan River chambray. At Lord & Taylor; J. P. Allen. The green cowhide week-end suitcase, Jacqueline Cochran. Macy's.



Cool relaxation: a bathing suit that's pretty, lightweight, easy to pack; of flower-striped pillowcase ticking. By Brigance of Sportsmaker, \$20. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. New and in flower: terry-cloth robe (extremely useful because it works both as bathrobe and as bathing robe). \$15. Bonwit Teller.



After heavy industry: light conversation. For dinner-at-home, Scrabble; Miss Parker wears silk shantung pyjamas with tapered ankle-length pants; watermelon slices all over (she put in two rows of watermelons this morning). Top, \$18; pants, \$30. By B. H. Wragge. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.



Blooming, after dinner: around the head, the Egyptian-Princess look, achieved with just a twist of a long pink scarf. Around the throat: beads, newly important, newly casual, lots of them. Two strands of multicolour beads; five, in shades of brown. By Hattie Carnegie. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

“Come help . . .” week end *continued*



Greenhouse duty: Bermuda-length shorts are better for real work than short ones. Here, Miss Parker wears these, in khaki-coloured cotton twill, \$8. Matching long shirt-jacket, \$15. Both by H. & E. Shapiro. Bonwit Teller; Himelhoch's. Her assistant (at ease) wears a polo shirt from Brooks Brothers.



For Saturday night: a short dinner dress that manages to look not-dressed-up, yet very pretty. Print in gold sequin pattern, on cotton by Everfast, made crease-resistant by Everglaze. Junior sizes, by Sportlane Deb. \$25, at Saks Fifth; Sakowitz. Her friend wears a white linen coat; Brooks Brothers.

Shopping at the neighborhood nursery: a simple one-piece dress, striped cotton top, chambray skirt, belt added. By American Golfer, \$11, at Best's; J. W. Robinson. Bag by Rosenfeld, at Best's.



HORST



MRS. McMANUS'
WEEK-END WARDROBE,
AT SAKS FIFTH

Golfing week end

What goes along besides golf clubs? Unpacked here, the luggage of Mrs. William McManus, a Vogue editor, who flew to Bermuda to play the fashion rôle of the week-end golfer. Her report on the course (she teed off at the famous Mid-Ocean Club): challenging, breeze-cooled. On the clothes: no excess flight weight—and they *worked*.



I flight dress: and this one was picked for its uncreasing fabric, its easy tailoring—as right getting aboard in New York as landing (here) in Bermuda. In brown and white striped cotton shirting, \$30. Handbag: Ronay. The plaid travelling bags: Winship and Wings. Dress, also Hutzler's.

I golf dress: to alternate with golfing shorts-and-shirt (see page 44), and don't overlook the headband—the cool Bermuda breeze never stops blowing. The dress Mrs. McManus took, white sharkskin, its cap sleeves slit to facilitate 250-yard drives. In Celanese acetate, \$30. Sunglasses, by Pierre.



I bathing suit: essential for even the most rabid golfer (the pink Mid-Ocean Beach is as tempting as the greens). Here, white cloque piqué with trimming and a tab of pale-blue corduroy. One piece. By Reel-Poise, \$18. Sunglasses: the American Optical Company. Bathing suit, also Julius Garfinckel.



1 day dress: simple but on the urbane side (practically a prescription for Bermuda dressing, this). Leaving the Coral Beach Club in Paget, Mrs. McManus wears a printed white linen sheath. The print—many geometrically printed disks in many shades of beige: khaki, biscuit, taupe. \$25.



1 golfing shirt-and-shorts: the shorts, Bermuda-length, obviously—it's a local fashion crime to wear them above the knee. These, grey linen, \$15; by Evan-Picone. The white Dacron and cotton shirt, \$11. The veranda: where the Big Three also posed while in Bermuda—at the Mid-Ocean Club.

Golfing week end *entire wardrobe at Saks Fifth*



1 pair sandals: pink, for very good fashion reasons—it's the smartest colour afoot for late-day and evening. These, in kidskin, \$40. The pale sandalfoot stockings: by Tabarin.

1 cardigan sweater: a must—cardigans often double as coats in the Bermuda way of life. This sweater, white cashmere, mothproofed with Mitin; \$25. By Dalton. Also at Montaldo's.



1 cotton dinner dress: and day-length's quite proper at the very proper Coral Beach Club. This, of black and white checked cotton, run through with red velvet ribbon and chalked all over with white baby beads. By Ceil Chapman, in Bates Disciplined cotton; \$135. It's also at L. S. Ayres.



1 silk dinner dress: this one, day-length and designed to go dancing after dinner (which makes it perfect for a Bermuda Saturday night). White silk organdie polka-dotted in black, with a high, snug waist, shirred bodice, and a wonderful whirl of a skirt. \$60. By Frank Starr. Also at Dayton's.

1 coat, in case: below left, and because Bermuda's naturally air-conditioned, a coat of white Wellington Sears Topsail, with a sailor collar. \$35. By Aintree.

1 Sunday-lunch dress: below, embroidered white cotton, bare in the discreet Bermuda manner, \$30. Julius Garfinckel.



Beach week end

Good thing beach clothes are so *small*—because cosmetics are a big part of beach week-end luggage. Oils to sunburn, oils not to sunburn, nail enamel, repairs for windblown hair. All these, and an in-case-of-rain book: packed by Mrs. Marion Hargrove, who portrays the week-end guest on these four pages.



Ready for the drive down and for the drop in temperature: Mrs. Hargrove in a red linen town dress (it'll be her dress for church on Sunday, too) with a sweater within reach. Dress by Larry Aldrich, about \$60. Cashmere sweater (her week-end jacket) by Hadley. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

First day out and first of Mrs. Hargrove's three bathing suits: pink piqué with a bib front, by Carolyn Schnurer, in junior sizes. This, the bag, all Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Her two-piece hat: a scarf and a skimmer. Man's pull-over shirt of Dan River cotton, by White Stag: Altman.





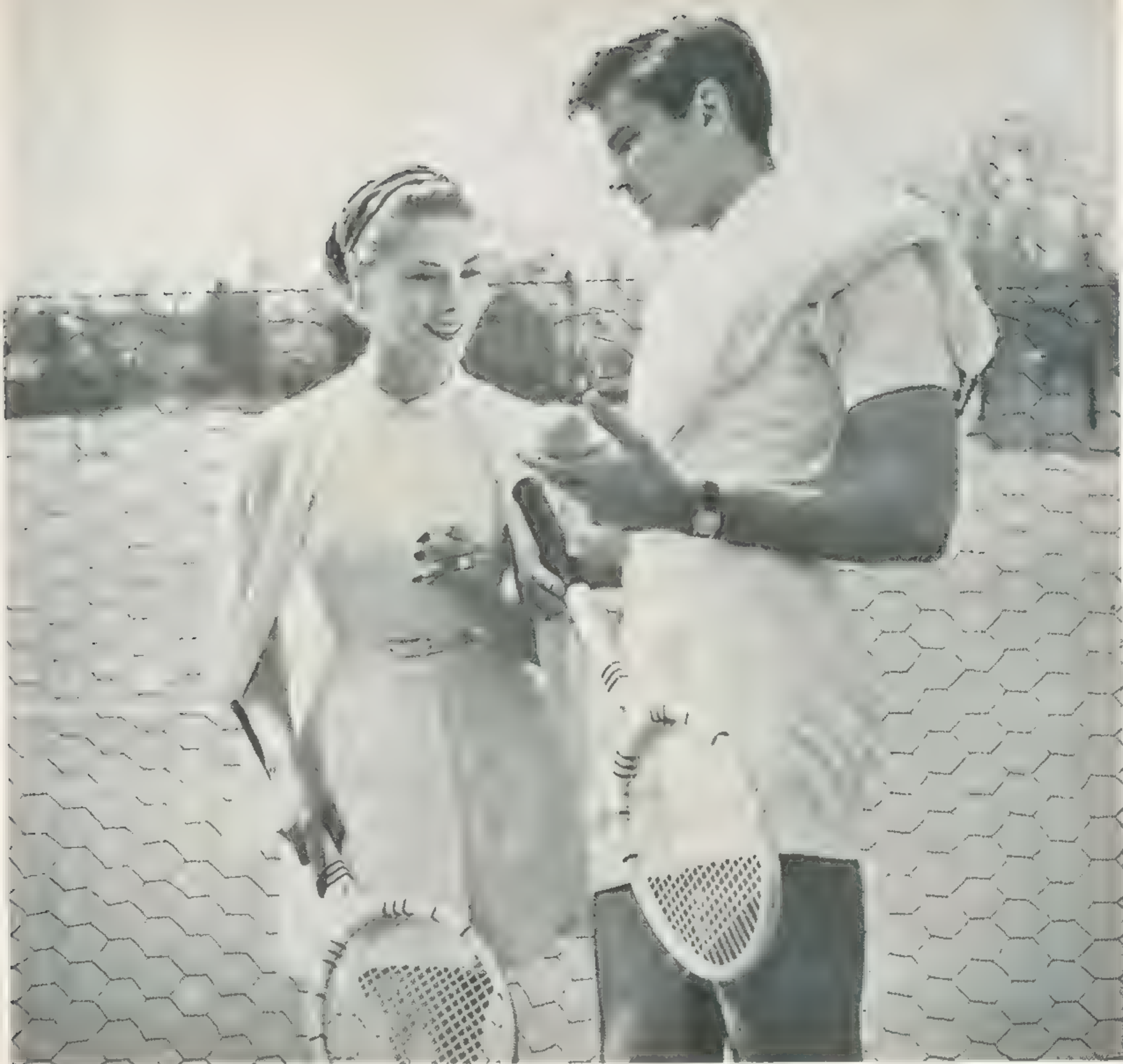
Friday-night dinner situation: they're dining at home, so Mrs. Hargrove's formula is—slim pants in the newest version going (longer and louder than last year's). These by Bart Everhart in Wellington Sears sailcloth, about \$6. Sailcloth halter, \$4. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Joyce slippers.



Next swim produces Mrs. Hargrove's next suit (one of the three she took along). This one, a brilliant blue maillot of elasticized cotton and acetate faille, by Caltex; \$18. At Bonwit Teller. The man's luggage? Trunks (cotton poplin, not Vuitton), a beach sweater; these by Jantzen, at Stern's.

Beach week end *continued*

Saturday-night dance (far right). And for it, our guest packed a dress that wouldn't collapse in transit or in sea air. Cotton piqué printed in black and white, with its own wool shawl. By Rappi; junior sizes. \$35. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. The young man: turned out by Rogers Peet.



Saturday court session and Mrs. Hargrove is looking exactly right for it—wearing a white cotton piqué dress and the sweater that's her week-end jacket. Tennis dress, \$17. Her partner's kit—cable-knit sweater, cotton polo shirt, short tennis shorts of white duck. Everything, Saks Fifth Avenue.



Third swim of the week end—her other suits drying meanwhile—Mrs. Hargrove wears a bathing suit she's taken to double as a play suit. (Also taken, apparently: the lifeguard's advice about not going beyond the markers.) Carolyn Schnurer junior suit in ABC cotton, \$15. Lord & Taylor.





Wm

City week end

Sometimes the most relaxing week end of all (enthusiasts insist it's the *only* relaxing week end)—the Friday to Sunday spent in the city, its madding crowd so hushed you can hear the pigeons coo, the air as cool as air conditioning can make it. Wearing Vogue's city week-end wardrobe here: Miss Melissa Weston.

KAREN RADKAI



Leisurely Friday evening: right, a drink before summer Friday dinner at the Colony Restaurant—in a black and white dotted cotton dress, \$17; a big floppy black straw hat (for once there'll be room in the Colony to wear it!). Dress by Sportwhirl, at Saks Fifth; Famous-Barr. Also at Saks Fifth: her handbag, and his summer suit—grey-black Italian cotton.

Quiet Saturday morning: and the dress; left, is going to see the pictures, in summer-Saturday peace and quiet, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (with lunch, later, in the beautiful new poolside restaurant). Khaki top, \$8, and skirt, \$11, closing like a coat under the braid band. By Casino, in Galey & Lord cotton twill. Saks Fifth; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros.



Saturday-night movie: above, about to catch the ten o'clock show at the Paris Theatre (in good time for some coffee downstairs beforehand), Miss Weston in a black cotton coat-dress, entirely tucked. By Jerry Gilden, \$15. This and the man's grey-black silk suit are both at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Air-conditioning accessory: below, the little wrap that's so necessary in cool man-made summer climates, here in its most sumptuous form—a jacket of Emba Silverblu mutation mink, that wonderfully soft pussy-willow shade. This and the black velvet headband are both at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Sunday, all day: spent at home playing Scrabble (while the phonograph plays—on and on). Miss Weston's summer at-home costume: a bare-armed black denim halter, \$8, and slender black denim houseboy pants with tucking that gives an effect of stripes, \$14. Both are at Saks Fifth Avenue.



City week end *continued*

Sunday-night party: starting, right, at the St. Regis roof—in a wear-all-year dress of the fabric sensation of this summer, black nylon jersey. The neckline, not quite this low at the front, but every whit as pretty. Day-length. By Filcol, in Webco fabric. \$60. Dress, Weiss rhinestone jewellery, and jewelled headband: all, Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Famous Barr.





Mainbocher's prints:
beautiful
illustrations



In a banner summer for prints, Mainbocher's are—very Mainbocher. And that means this: prints applied with great personal feeling to a woman's life, a woman who lives life with great personal style.

Left: Mainbocher's quiet, pretty way with Persian print—mosaics in many beiges on silk surah, set in frames of spun-silk beige fringe. To order.

Right: The long-sleeved silk print so much wanted in summer wardrobes—softly sleeved, as Mainbocher makes it, in white surah dotted with black, a discreet black bow tied in the deep-cut cowl. To order.

Jewels: Diamonds in gold, from Van Cleef & Arpels.

KRTZ mhe





C O U N T E S S C A R L A D A M M O L T K E

How they're wearing their hair now

M R S . L E O P O L D S T O K O W S K I

At left: This is the coiffure for which Mrs. Stokowski went shopping recently—she wanted: a coiffure that would travel well this summer, one that she could wash and set herself, wherever. Limitations? None—except the length of her hair (it's short, and she wants to keep it that way). The coiffure that Michel of Helena Rubinstein designed for her is "The Butterfly"—two slenderly curving wings at top, curled-under wings at sides. And it works. *Above:* This is the first really drastic change of coiffure for Countess Moltke since her pigtails were cut (and a change as complete as a raven turning blond). Her fabulously black, strongly-waved hair has been tipped with white-gold ("frosted" is what Marcel, her coiffeur, calls it) and it's a revelation: Countess Moltke is a beautiful blonde *and* a beautiful brunette—simultaneously.





ITALY

Sicily, with love

By Kate Sproehnle

Fortunately for those travelers who like a new land to come as a slight surprise, the triangular island of Sicily is often undescribed. It has mostly to be content with an unfeared chapter in the fat guidebooks for Italy. Even the advertisements for "Conducted Tours" have so far omitted it from their itineraries.

In spite of this, the pleasures of discovering Sicily began, roughly, some seven hundred years before Christ. Discovery, at that time, was a polite word for occupation. The relaxed shepherds in possession, the Sikels, were driven into the hills by emigrating colonies from Corinth and Athens. Romans, Normans, Arabs, Frenchmen, and Spaniards dominated in succession, leaving rich traces, until (to cut through the encyclopaedia of visitors) Garibaldi surprised the ruling Spanish princes in 1860 when he landed near Messina with a thousand assistants and, conquering, annexed the island for Italy. In 1943 the American forces, always satisfied with a short stay, beached at Gela (founded by the Rhodian Greeks), making their first stop in the invasion of Italy.

Messina is still the landing place for train travellers. A ferry swallows the whole train from Rome and, after a half-hour ride across the Straits from the toe of Italy, deposits passengers intact in their compartments at Messina. The same compartment carries on to any selected destination. American liners often call at Palermo, and Italian airlines fly from Rome in little more than an hour; this, however, seems a rather indecent approach to a Greek temple of 400 B.C. I took, and passionately recommend, the day train from Rome or Naples which unreels a gold and blue docu-

mentary of the mountains and sea of Calabria, a section of the boot not open to easy exploration, but shockingly wild and beautiful when viewed from the plush seats of the express, a treat and a memory before arriving in Taormina at nine that night.

Taormina piles its streets on high ledges, overlooking miles of bright sea, ruled by the white cap of Mt. Etna. There is so much to do in this almost embarrassingly beautiful spot that the wise will stretch their stay. Taormina has many comfortable hotels; in none of them can you escape the heartbreaking view, but the largest, the Grand Hotel S. Domenica Papace, is not only highly comfortable but the most fun. Originally a Dominican monastery, it has been converted into a masterpiece of comic luxury with endless halls, paintings, tapestries, ancient chests, presided over by the enormous stuffed statue of a monk who frightens arrivals from his vigil on the main stairway. A little research discloses that the monks actually lived along one of the lower corridors. Their cells (each with a painted head presumably of a former occupant over the narrow door) are now well padded with cosy furniture. Alternate cells form tiled private baths.

During our stay there, our favourite shopkeeper arranged an excursion (not to be missed) to the hour-distant town of Acireale to see the famous puppets. After the show, we had coffee with the puppet master, and it was he who vouched for Mario and his self-owned Fiat to drive us through the mountains of Sicily, ominous even though one knows that the bandit Guiliano is safely dead. The so-called circle tour of the island can be done by train with many changes and waits, by comfortable C.I.T. buses (but their schedule becomes yours), or by car. The advantages of the last—not very expensive for two, and most reasonable if divided among more—are infinite and obvious.

One of the first questions travellers ask is, "Do you have to speak Italian to get around in Sicily?" My experience is no. It is true that there is not much interchange of that delicious pidgin French that one can use with such mutual admiration in Rome and Florence, (Continued on page 100)

Dream of Italy. By Eugene Berman

This "Imaginary View of the Island of Procida" centres around the Bay of Naples and its islands—Procida, Ischia, Ponza, Capri. Berman's love of Italy has strongly influenced all his paintings and theatrical designs; his sketch of Procida, rock-walled, steep, climbing from water into sunny air, barnacled with clinging, colour-washed houses, is a remembered lovely synthesis of the Italian islands.



GREECE

A poet's guide to Greece
and its islands.

By André Michalopoulos

For the foreigner there are two ways of seeing Greece. The more usual is to go to Athens, guide-book in hand, and spend the time trying to explore the countless antiquities of the famous city. One can live for years in Athens and still not exhaust its wealth of beauty. And the majority of Athenians in no way differ from New Yorkers in that they are far less familiar with the treasures of their city than are many foreign visitors.

I know one devout Athenian spinster who has never been up on the Acropolis hill because, she says, its temples were dedicated to pagan deities; and a good friend of mine, a distinguished engineer, refuses to make the steep ascent to the Parthenon because he has studied the details of its plan and architecture in the textbooks and has derived from these all the intellectual satisfaction he requires.

The helpful guidebook and the beaten path are not to

be scorned by those who have only a limited time at their disposal. But Greece has to be wooed, and she will amply reward those who have the time, the patience, and the taste to discover and to cultivate her.

The legends of ancient Greece are alive, attached inseparably to actual places which give them substance. When I was a child, living on the gulf of Corinth, my Scottish nurse led me daily to the banks of a roaring torrent which plunged into the yawning mouth of a cavern. What she, and I at that time, did not know was that we were sitting on the banks of the Styx, the River of the Dead, and that the roar we heard deep within the recesses of the cave was the barking of the dog Cerberus.

Very few travellers have seen the temple of Phigalia, hidden away in the heart of Arcadia. It is too remote, too difficult of access. Clemenceau said that it was the most stirring place he had ever seen. Although the distance from Athens is only about two hundred miles, it takes two days and a half to get there over the mountain roads. (It also takes steady nerves; Greek drivers are dashing fellows who seem to be leading a continuous cavalry charge.) By the

evening of the second day you arrive at the pleasant and typical highland village of Andritsaine, to rest overnight at one of the two inns. On the third morning the last stage of the journey is made on muleback or on foot.

The path to the temple lies along a high ridge; to the right, across a deep gorge, stretches another mountain range of grey-blue granite. Here and there a solitary Judas tree, high on a shelf of barren rock, spreads its flaming blossoms of bright magenta against the dark background. The path takes the traveller through woods of oak and fir and laurel, and crosses water-courses bordered by rhododendrons. This is Arcadia, where Pan and his nymphs danced unmolested in the woods, and where, at nightfall, one can still hear his pipes. The reed pipe is an age-old instrument of telecommunication between mountainfolk who send messages to each other by this means, or hold conversations across space to while away the hours of their loneliness. In the evening, all over Arcadia one can hear these soft, sad strains wafted across the dusk.

Suddenly, as the path turns a corner, one comes upon the splendour of Phigalia. It lies in Doric simplicity upon the summit of a high rock, rising out of a valley surrounded by three almost circular ridges of mountains, ascending in tiers like an immense amphitheatre. Built in the fifth century B.C. by Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon, Phigalia seems not to have been built at all, but rather to grow organically out of the mountain of blue-grey stone. At sunset, the ranges of encircling hills are filled with mists of pink and purple, so that the temple seems to be in the heart of a gigantic incandescent rose.

Once in Greece, it is easy to explore the Greek islands that rise, white or green or yellow or sand-red, out of the purple sea. The larger islands can be reached now by plane from Athens in an hour or two, the smaller ones by frequently-scheduled boats. (And the smallest ones, only by *cai que*.) The islands are loveliest between the end of March and the beginning of November; July and August are hot, but no hotter than New York and not as humid.

A quick flight from Athens, only an hour and a half, will land the traveller in Corfu—Homer's Isle of the Phaeacians—which the Greeks call Kerkyra. It is the largest of the Ionian Islands of which I once was governor, and where I spent two happy years. The people have a long tradi-

tion of pleasant living, and their island is a vast fragrant garden where every kind of flower blooms in profusion. (It is wonderful, in June, to see the wild geraniums flaming in the hollows of ancient olive trees.) Corfu was badly bombed during the war and its famous old hotel destroyed, but two inns offer adequate, though very simple hospitality.

In Crete, two hours by plane from Athens, the traveller will find the largest grapes and sweetest oranges in the world, will see Mount Ida, birthplace of Zeus, and will tour the palace of King Minos, partially restored to give a good idea of life at the time of the Trojan War. The hotel at Herakleion, where the plane lands, is clean and comfortable, and motor trips into the country can be arranged.

Rhodes, the Island of Roses, a two-and-a-half-hour flight from Athens, is an extraordinary layering of the classical and the mediaeval. In the city of Rhodes, the mediaeval palaces and forts of the Knights Templar still gaze down at the blue waters where Frankish galleons once sailed; in the town of Lindos, there is an acropolis perhaps more ancient than the one in Athens. The Hotel des Roses, in Rhodes, is modern and luxurious.

From Rhodes (or, for that matter, Athens) it is easy and pleasant to go by coastal steamer to the Dodecanese and Cyclades Islands—to Ikaria, where, according to the ancient legend, Ikaros, the first flier with man-made wings, fell to his death; to Thera (Santorin), in whose harbour a submarine volcano sends up its spiral of smoke through the water; to Mykonos with its whirling windmills, its three hundred and sixty chapels. If in Mykonos you hire a sailboat to take you to some of the smaller islands within easy reach, you will be rewarded by seeing places inaccessible by steamer or yacht.

The island villages of Greece rise from the shore in dazzling white brilliance, for the folk take pride in their houses and whitewash them inside and out every year. The simple interiors are spotlessly clean, the tables and carved chairs skilfully handmade, and the linen in the closets is homespun and very fine, each bride bringing a lifetime supply as part of her dowry. You may see a spinning wheel and a hand loom standing by the window, a potter's wheel in the back garden—for, while the men are out fishing or trading in their *caiques*, with blue or white or orange sails, the island women tend their homes with quiet industry.

Samothrace, the original home of the Victory that stands in the Louvre, is one huge, thickly-wooded mountain rising out of the sea. Down its sides abundant water tumbles in cascades. Its one town, built in the crater of an extinct volcano, and invisible from the sea, was placed so to protect it from the Barbary pirates who infested the Mediterranean in the Middle Ages.

There are many sites beyond the regular tourist cycle of classical monuments which can be explored without difficulty. And Byzantium is not to be obscured by classical Greece, for it bequeathed to the world the charm and beauty of a great civilization. When the Roman Empire dissolved and chaos spread over Western Europe in the dark Middle Ages, Byzantium gave the peoples of the Eastern Mediterranean a thousand years of almost uninterrupted peace, good government, and prosperity. It was a unified Christian civilization, with an art of exquisite architectural and decorative purity. Many of the most notable relics of its spirit are in Istanbul, but in Greece there are hundreds of pure Byzantine monasteries, churches, and minuscule chapels, some of them almost concealed on wooded hill-sides.

In Athens, perhaps the finest monuments of Byzantine art are the Old Cathedral, the monastery of St. John the Hunter, and the monastery of Daphni. In Salonika is the famous Church of the Holy Apostles among others. But the most beautiful Byzantine building in Greece, the monastery of Holy Luke (Osios Loukas), is more difficult of approach. It stands high on a shoulder of Mount Helicon, overlooking a fertile valley, and can only be reached by mule-track. It was founded at the end of the tenth century by a quiet, saintly man who had suffered much, and who lived there in peace and contemplation. He had a gift of prophecy, and foretold the recapture of Crete by the Byzantine Emperor Romanus II. After his death this prophecy was fulfilled, and in commemoration the Emperor's widow Theophano and her son Basil enlarged and adorned the monastery. There are two churches within its precincts, and the larger one preserves more of the original decoration than any other Byzantine church in Greece.

For an over-all impression of what life was like in a Byzantine city in the thirteenth century, when Byzantium offered the world the most luxurious, cultivated pattern of life of mediaeval times, the imaginative traveller may ascend the lower slopes of Mount Taygetus, in the Peloponnesus, and discover Mistra, a whole Byzantine city in ruins. (First, though, he will visit Mycenae and Sparta, in memory of the glory and tragedy of Agamemnon, the beauty of Helen, and the deathless epic of Troy.) Mistra was once the capital of a flourishing province, a centre of Byzantine culture and a gathering-place of artists and scholars. Today, Mistra is the ghost of a city, its cobbled streets, running steeply down the side of the mountain, bordered by crumbling walls, by the ruins of once-prosperous houses. At the highest point on the escarpment is the Church of the Pantanassa, Queen of the Universe, a work of magnificently harmonized proportion and detail, its beautiful frescoes still intact.

When I was last at Mistra it was late in May, and the mountain air was temperate and exhilarating. Below the terrace of the Pantanassa spread the valley of the Alpheus—commemorated in stately elegiacs by Milton, more humanly and more warmly loved by Byron. In the late-afternoon sunshine the light greens of the young crops and grasses were dappled by the darker greens of citrus, olive, and cypress; a deep quietness enveloped the earth; one seemed to be drawn back into the gulf of time. But the pleasures of contemplation rarely endure. The good old nuns who still live in the convent adjacent to the church came bustling forth to see who their visitor was, and encircled me with the noose of their hospitality. They brought me coffee, and delicious candied rose-petal jam—and, as people do who live in solitude, they talked to the stranger. It appeared that even they, even there, had their troubles. The nuns were deeply agitated because, they said, their Bishop was curtailing rights they held under a charter granted them by the Emperor Michael VIII in 1275.

Editor's Note: The Greek National Tourist Office is conducting this summer a weekly cruise which leaves Piraeus, the port of Athens, every Monday morning and returns Friday evening. The cruise includes stops at the following islands: Crete, Santorin, Rhodes, Paros, Delos, and Mykonos, and costs from \$37 to \$84 for the week, depending on accommodations. The *S. S. Aegean*, under charter, will also cruise the Greek islands and Middle Eastern ports this summer, sailing from Genoa July 15 and returning to Venice August 15. The island of Chios has marvellous Byzantine mosaics.

ENGLAND

6 Unexpected Days

By W. H. Auden

I have devised a cultural-psychological test which I am seriously thinking of patenting. This takes the form of a questionnaire about the subject's conception of Eden, his Innocent Place where no contradiction has yet arisen between the demands of Pleasure and the demands of Duty. What is its landscape, the ethnic origin of its inhabitants, its religion, its form of state, its architecture, its system of weights and measures, et cetera? To the first of these questions, the answer, in my own case, is a landscape like that of the Pennines, that chain of limestone hills which runs due North up the centre of England from Derbyshire to Northumberland.

I mention them with mixed feelings: on the one hand I want all worthy people to agree with me about their beauty; on the other, I have a feeling of personal possession which makes me jealously afraid of unworthy or unappreciative intruders. It is not an area for those who like their landscape cozy. To qualify, one must have a proper moral sense about the points of the compass; North must seem the "good" direction, the way towards heroic adventures, South the way to ignoble ease and decadence. Nor, however, will it do for those who crave the romantically wild, jagged precipices, Salvator Rosa gorges, Wagnerian tempests. Visually, the nearest approach to it that I have seen in this country is the sagebrush uplands one sees from the train between Denver and Laramie; to the feet, though, they would seem very different, for the climate of the Pennines is—well, British and often wet.

To the usual visitor in the United Kingdom the North means the Lake District and Scotland. If he goes to Scotland direct, by the London-to-Glasgow train, he will get two glimpses of the Pennines; about half an hour after leaving Carnforth, he will see the steep humps of the Sedbergh Fells close on his right, and during the long descent from Shap to Penrith, if he is lucky enough to get a clear day, he will see a great unbroken wall of grey fells towering up on the eastern edge of the lush sandstone valley of the Eden, where the Pennine range reaches its greatest height and behind which lie its wildest and loneliest moors.

To an American ear two thousand feet must sound puny, but the impression of size is a matter of scale and, in England, two thousand feet create a mountainous effect which, in the States, would require at least ten. In this age of rapid transportation, landscapes like the English which are built on a small scale are at a disadvantage. A passion for walking is not a conspicuous American trait, but if anyone really wants to get the full flavour of the English countryside, he has, I am afraid, no choice.

Such advice is, I know, too utopian to be followed, so I shall assume I am writing for an American Visitor to Great Britain whose main northern objective is to see Scotland,



but who is not too hurried or too incurious to make detours if there is any scenery worth inspecting on the way.

For the traveller with a car and six days to spare, the following route will give a pretty good idea of what there is to see. (The A.A. road map and guide will show him how to avoid built-up areas.)

First Day: London to Uttoxeter, via Oxford, Banbury, Daventry and Burton-upon-Trent. This last, as famous for breweries as Milwaukee, is one of the most horrible towns in England, but can be skirted. Uttoxeter lies just to the south of the Peak District and (a point of interest to those who, like myself, have a taste for grim industrial landscapes) just to the east of the Potteries, those Five Towns which Arnold Bennett wrote about. An American, homesick for a cold Martini, might find it worth his while to stop, not at Uttoxeter, but some fifty miles further east at Ashby de la Zouch where, by some miracle, the chief hotel has an honest-to-goodness American bar.

Second Day: Uttoxeter to Appletreewick in Wharfedale. One can begin by visiting either Dovedale or the Manifold valley; the former, thanks to Izaak Walton, is apt to be crowded; the latter, which, in my opinion, is just as pretty, is practically unknown. From either, one climbs up onto limestone moors—if this is your country, you are a person who is thrilled when hedges start to be replaced by stone walls—then up and down through Bakewell, Eyam, and Tideswell to the Hope valley. Those with an interest in great old country houses can detour east to see Chatsworth and Haddon Hall. At Hope, turn left to Castleton whose caverns, the Peak, the Speedwell, and the Blue John Mine, though now, alas, more organized for the tourist trade than they were in my youth, have not yet developed the horrors of Carlsbad. Turn back again through Hope and then north over the Hathersage moors where the limestone is hidden under millstone grit, a dark grim stone out of which so much of the northern towns is built. Though it is possible to avoid both Sheffield and Leeds, during this part of the journey one is bound to go through an industrial area. Personally, I find the early nineteenth-century architecture of the woollen mills, which resemble the paper mills at Holyoke, very beautiful in their stark utilitarian way. The road passes through Haworth where the Brontës lived; their house, the only literary shrine in the Pennines, is open to visitors. After Keighley the real scenery begins. The high moors are brown covered with peat and heather and haunted by curlews; lower they turn to green turf out of which the white limestone keeps cropping. These hills have one advantage over the hills of New England, beautiful as they are: their outlines are not hidden by trees; and, compared with the bare hills of the far West, spectacular as they are, there is soil and life, and the sound of running water. Owing to the porousness of limestone, the streams cut deep ravines or ghylls, homes of the hearts-tongue fern and the rock-rose, and keep disappearing underground. At Appletreewick there is only one inn, but a good one.

Third Day: Appletreewick to Keld in Swaledale. This is a short run but the scenery is worth taking slowly. The road goes up Wharfedale past Kettlewell, then over high ground and down to Hawes in Wensley Dale. Wensley Dale is famous for its blue cheese, highly prized, incidentally, by Mr. T. S. Eliot. However, the tourist must beware. Finding himself in the Dale, a friend of mine bought a

cheese as a present for the Master who took one glance at it and pronounced—"This is a store cheese." From Hawes the road climbs over the Buttertubs Pass, so called because of a cluster of swallow-holes near the summit, and descends to Muker from which it is only some three miles to Keld which lies just below the main road beside a very pleasant little waterfall. Swaledale is not as pretty as Wharfedale but I find its wildness and remoteness more satisfying. Rather than stay at the inn which is not in the village, inquire for people who let rooms.

Fourth Day: Keld to Dufton. A mile east of Keld turn sharp right up a steep gradient to Tan Hill, the highest inn in England, bear left till the road joins the old Roman Road of Watling Street, then left again to Brough-under-Stainmore and on down into the Eden Valley through Appleby to Dufton. Laid out in a rectangle around its green, and nestling at the foot of the volcanic dome of Dufton Pike, Dufton is one of the quietest and loveliest villages that I know. Another short run, but it will give an early starter time to take an afternoon walk up the fells. If he is feeling very energetic, he might get as far and as high as High Cup Nick, a great cleft with a rim of precipices eight hundred feet high. At Dufton there is an inn and a youth hostel.

Fifth Day: Dufton to Blanchland. A warren of country lanes running along the foothills of the Pennine escarpment leads into the Penrith-Alston road which was built by Macadam himself. In this final stretch the land has something of the shape of a wave rising northeast and breaking southwest. On reaching its crest from the breaking side the eye is confronted by an enormous sweep of whaleback moors. Today they produce little but sheep and grouse, but from Roman times down to the end of the nineteenth century, this was the richest lead-mining field in the country. Relics of its vanished wealth, derelict shafts, abandoned washing-floors, decayed water wheels, solitary chimneys sticking up in the midst of nowhere abound and give that same melancholy fascination which one finds among the ghost towns in the West. To get its full flavour, take the road from Alston to Nenthead, the highest village in the Kingdom, turn right to Coalclough, bear left by a rather rough road till the river Allen is reached, then right to Allenheads, then left over into Rookhope, the most wonderfully desolate of all the dales, and finally, on reaching the Wear at Eastgate, turn left for Stanhope. The valley widens and the landscape becomes gentler; in the words of a Victorian visitor, "its umbrageous riches and deep seclusion afford the highest delight to a lover of nature," but on turning north one re-enters the fells before reaching Blanchland. Blanchland was once a monastery and one enters the village through a battle-mented arch. It is a number of years now since I stayed at the Lord Crewe Arms, but no other spot brings me sweeter memories.

Sixth Day: Blanchland to Hawick and Edinburgh, via Hexham and Bellingham. The "sights" on this trip are Hexham Abbey and Hadrian's Wall. The best parts of the latter are at Housesteads and Sewing Shields to the west of Corbridge and a detour should be made. The road now runs up the North Tyne valley, up over Scots Gap and down into the Walter Scott country. Of all the approaches to Scotland, this is the wildest, most beautiful, and least known.

I hope you will have luck with the weather, but if the Pennines are really your dish you won't care.



Stone bird; on its wing spread, a bird's-eye view of caribou on the land, of fish and man and bird on the water surface, of fish and seals in the water.

CANADA

Contemporary Eskimo

Stone Carvings.

By Aline B. Saarinen



Right: Mother carrying child.

Left: Baffin Island where the Eastern Arctic Eskimos live.





An Eskimo hunter acutely observed: "When hunting caribou, one must think like a caribou." These sculptures are rarely more than ten inches high, are kept wrapped in layers of skins.

The thrill of discovering contemporary Eskimo stone carving today is akin to the excitement people must have felt at the beginning of our century when they first looked at African Negro sculpture. Here is an art of extraordinary quality, at once vigorous and engaging, which is startlingly sympathetic to our most sophisticated modern aesthetics; yet is done by naïve artists in the Arctic regions. Here, moreover, is perhaps the last unspoiled indigenous and spontaneous art.

Even in natural history museums it would be rare to find contemporary carvings by the Eastern Arctic Eskimos—a mother and child which in its interlocked cubes and spheres reminded you of an early Lipchitz or a carving of a bear so essential in its forms and so bearish in its qualities that you wondered who combined the genius of Henry Moore and John Flannagan. For these modern stone carvings by the Eskimos of the Eastern Arctic were first introduced to the Canadian public only in 1948 and only this year have they been shown to Americans.

This is the way it happened. Ever since James A. Houston, an eager young artist, was stationed at Goose Bay with the Air Force, he cherished a compelling dream to sketch the Eskimos 500 miles further north. Back in Montreal, one day in 1948 he impulsively packed a kit (with objects that would have been more appropriate to the thick forests of Maine than a barren Arctic landscape) and bought a one-way railroad ticket to the most northerly point possible, James Bay. There he waited and hoped for a plane to carry him to Baffin Island.

Months later he got his chance. He went along with a doctor who was making an emergency flight to the east

coast of Hudson Bay where two Eskimo children had been badly bitten by a dog. The doctor took one look at the little girls, gave them first aid, bundled them into the plane and ordered an immediate take-off. No one knew how many months would pass before another plane came through; Houston decided to stay.

The Eskimos gave him a little tent, shared their food of fish and ptarmigan with him and amiably served as models for his pencil and water-colour sketches. Three days later, one of his models indicated he wanted Houston's drawing and upon receiving it gave the young Canadian a stone carving of an Eskimo hunter. Others made similar exchanges.

Houston was flattered that the Eskimos admired his sketches (three years later, revisiting a remote region he was touched to find one of his drawings, along with the label from a can of Del Monte peaches, stuck to the wall of a snow-house). But he felt the trade was unfair. As soon as he could get to the nearest Hudson's Bay Company store he bought the two items the Eskimos most cherish: cartridges (hunting is now done mostly with rifles) and tea. By the time a plane chanced by a few months later, he had used his highly negotiable exchange to procure more than a dozen of these remarkable carvings. "I was sure," he says, "that they were quite wonderful." So is everyone else who has seen them.

But why is it created? These Eastern Arctic Eskimos—the coastal or seal people and the inland or caribou people—are hunters: animal, fish, and bird flesh are their food; animal fat provides light and heat; hides and furs make clothing; and in the summer months skins give them shelter. Why do they make *Sinourak* (art objects)? What motivates them? (Continued on page 104)

SCANDINAVIA

Travel notes by Mab Wilson

DENMARK

The Danes have had a rotten winter—ice, snow, and wind—and that means their reaction to summer will be more violent than usual. You'll find something very contagious in the Scandinavians' passionate appreciation of good weather. In Copenhagen the café tables will be out on the sidewalk in front of the Angleterre Hotel at the first pale glimmer of sun. The beaches at Hornbaek and Elsinore will be jammed, with what Americans (other than Down-Easters) can only consider members of the Polar Bear club, and everywhere you'll see bemused Danes with their faces upturned, catching the sunlight on their cheekbones. (There will be the usual number of bicycle accidents because of this, settled—as usual—with a joke.)

If you get to Denmark by the end of May, the Royal Danish Ballet (which had a big success in London recently) will still be going. In fact there's a slight Ballet Festival in Copenhagen May 25 to 31, and the dancers to watch are: Margaret Schanne, Kirsten Ralov, and Mona Vangsaa.

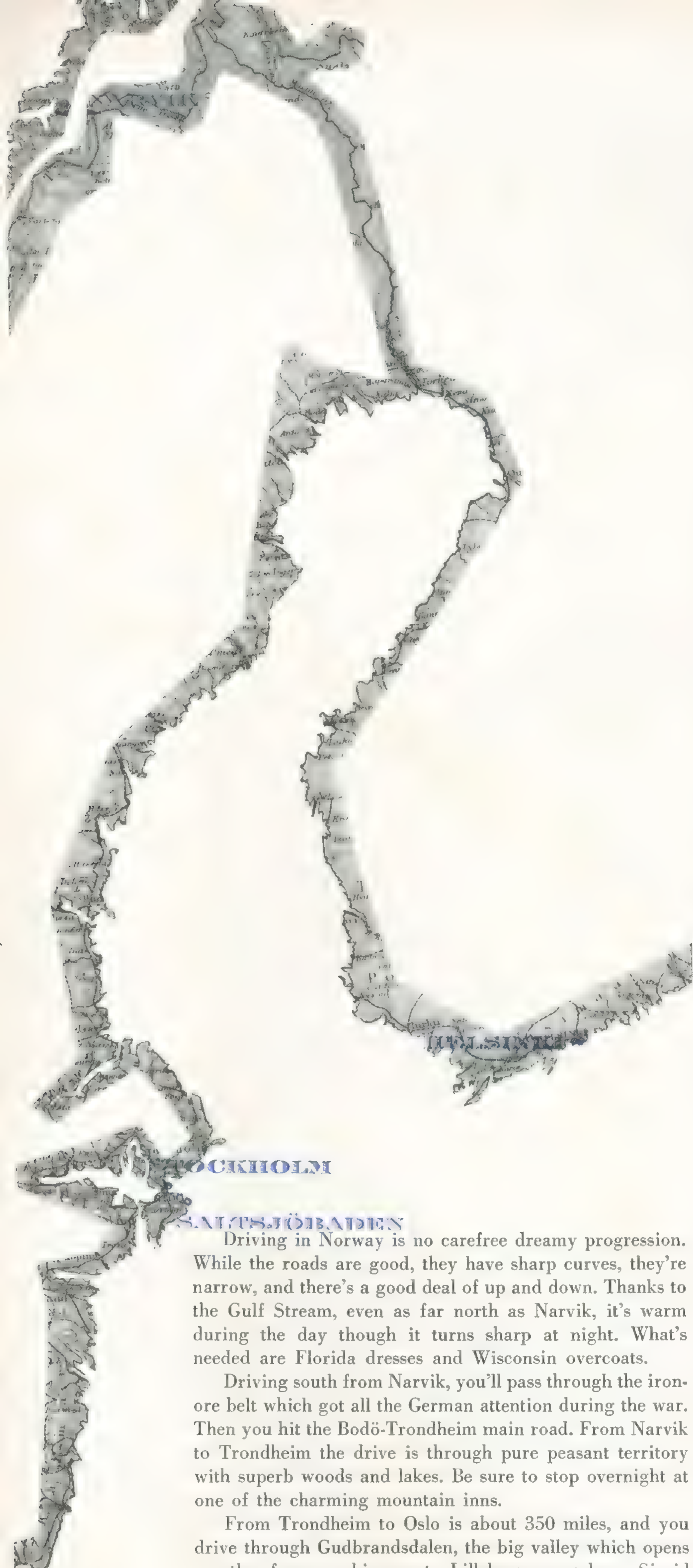
This summer the Old Vic is doing *Hamlet* at Elsinore, between June 18 and 27, with Claire Bloom and Robert Burton. Nobody dresses for it (in fact you bundle up for it) as it is out of doors, but—day clothes notwithstanding—you can go after the performance to the Marienlyst (practically next door) for supper, dancing, and gambling, the only gambling—legal gambling, that is—in Denmark and all thanks to a centuries-old royal grant. Marienlyst, a thoroughly good hotel besides, is a pleasant place to spend a few weeks if the weather is good. The bathing is fine (a nice long white sand beach), the food excellent, and you can have a room with a private bath if you write far enough in advance. (Continued on page 102)

NORWAY

It can come as quite a shock to anyone planning blithely to "drive through Norway" that that beautiful up-and-down country is more than 1,000 miles long as the crow flies. (And worth every mile of it if you have time.)

In fact one of the most excitingly beautiful things to do is to drive from Narvik to Bergen. You can have your own car shipped to Norway via the Norwegian Lines. (The freight charge is \$250 and up, depending on weight, and the round-trip rate is just \$50 more.) Or you can rent a car through the Norwegian Automobile Association for \$7 a day for the first 100 kilometres. Although Narvik was destroyed during the war, and 200 ships lie sunk at the bottom of the fjord, the town has been built up remarkably. Now there is a big modern hotel, the Royal, with 150 rooms all with baths, for the pleasant price of \$7 a day American plan.





SWEDEN

Sweden has a strange northern beauty—and a passion for all the things one usually associates with the south: music, poetry, flowers, children, theatre, and—above all—the summer sun. It's not so much the cold of the long winter that gets them down as the darkness. So when the summer sun finally comes to stay (and to stay all night) their devotion to it is almost touching. You'll see people waiting for the sunrise in the Djurgården at three in the morning, and at lunch time, the steps on the Royal Dramatic Theatre are crowded with sandwich eaters, munching with their eyes closed, their faces turned up to the sun.

Whether you arrive in Stockholm, Göteborg, or Malmö, or are dropped unaccountably in Linköping or Jönköping, the one thing you're *sure* to find is theatre. It's a real enthusiasm with the Swedes, and thanks to government sponsorship you'll find good theatre even in the small towns; road companies, or municipal groups, mostly American plays. (The all-time greatest hit in Sweden was *Born Yesterday* which ran 224 nights and is still going, in the provinces.)

Of course everything is given in Swedish—which, unless you know the play by heart, or know Swedish, can be pretty frustrating. But what is *not* frustrating is hearing the classics in Swedish. In that case, you read the play first (all the Swedish classics have been (*Continued on page 102*))

FINLAND

Visitors are always being "surprised" by Finland which must exasperate sophisticated Finns and annoy *all* Finns. A number of perfectly worldly people seem to have the Finns mixed up with the Lapps in their anthropological eye. The *Lapps* are the ones who have reindeer herds and wear those fur pants. The *Finns* are the ones who live enormously civilized lives in modern cities or big country houses, and whose designs, buildings, textiles, and colour sense are probably the most sophisticated of any of the Scandinavians'.

The chances are about 100 to 100 that you'll go right to Helsinki, and arrive by air. (People have been known to drive from Norway to Finland through the unexplored Lapp country, but it's pretty tough going and you're dead when you get there.) In Helsinki you might go to the Palace Hotel, which was finished two years ago. It's right on the water front and is built along the low-swept, un-garnished lines of an ocean liner, with lots of glass and balconies, and total comfort. (Single room with bath, \$4-\$5; double, \$5-\$6. And there are 340 tourist Finnmarks to the dollar, which is a very favourable rate.) On the roof there is a *Sauna* (Finnish bath) which you can take in a kind of dormitory, or privately; be sure to do it. (You needn't take it in its most violent form, and no—they *won't* hurl your steaming body into a snowdrift.)

Every whit as good, the Vaakuna Hotel, also new, also modern, and the same price. For dining out, try the Savoy restaurant. A long narrow room on the roof of a building, it has natural wood walls, Tynell lamps, and again lots of glass, a view of the handsome Esplanade, and excellent tidy-tasting food.

People who never go to a night (*Continued on page 107*)

Driving in Norway is no carefree dreamy progression. While the roads are good, they have sharp curves, they're narrow, and there's a good deal of up and down. Thanks to the Gulf Stream, even as far north as Narvik, it's warm during the day though it turns sharp at night. What's needed are Florida dresses and Wisconsin overcoats.

Driving south from Narvik, you'll pass through the iron-ore belt which got all the German attention during the war. Then you hit the Bodö-Trondheim main road. From Narvik to Trondheim the drive is through pure peasant territory with superb woods and lakes. Be sure to stop overnight at one of the charming mountain inns.

From Trondheim to Oslo is about 350 miles, and you drive through Gudbrandsdalen, the big valley which opens on the famous ski resort, Lillehammer, where Sigrid Undset lived.

At Trondheim, you'll find the first monument to Christianity in Scandinavia—the (*Continued on page 103*)



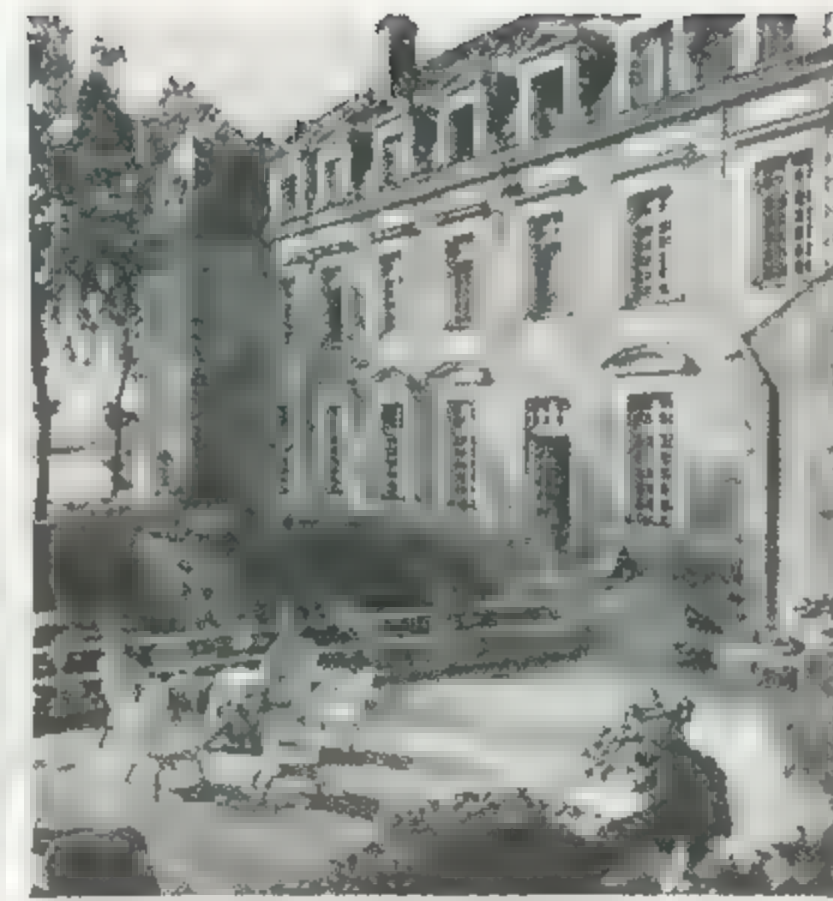
1. Manoir du Stang



2. Château de Pray



3. Château de la Gendronnière



4. Abbaye de Beaugency

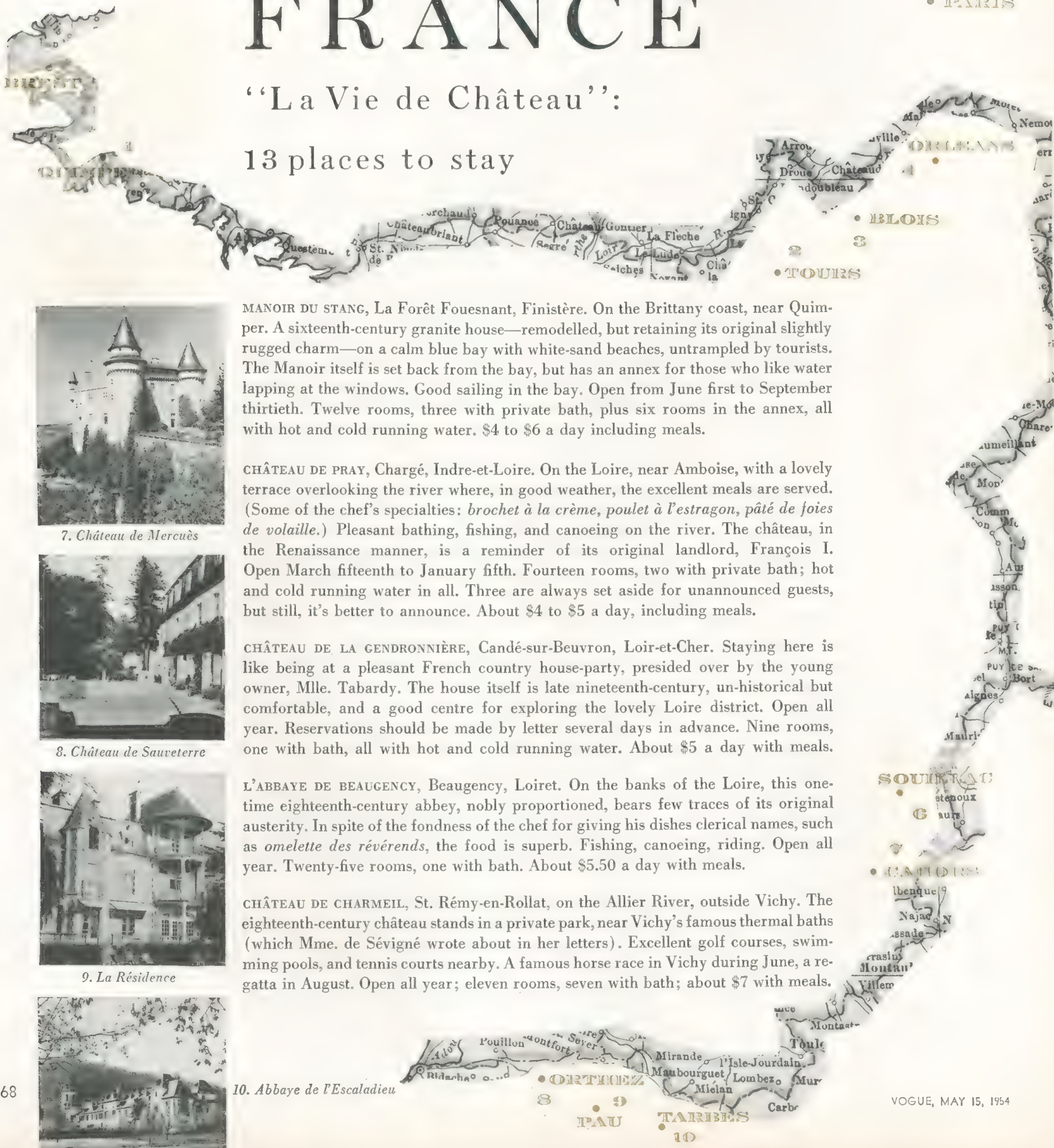


5. Château de Charmeil

FRANCE

“La Vie de Château”:

13 places to stay



7. Château de Mercuès



8. Château de Sauveterre



9. La Résidence



10. Abbaye de l'Escaladieu

MANOIR DU STANG, La Forêt Fouesnant, Finistère. On the Brittany coast, near Quimper. A sixteenth-century granite house—remodelled, but retaining its original slightly rugged charm—on a calm blue bay with white-sand beaches, untrampled by tourists. The Manoir itself is set back from the bay, but has an annex for those who like water lapping at the windows. Good sailing in the bay. Open from June first to September thirtieth. Twelve rooms, three with private bath, plus six rooms in the annex, all with hot and cold running water. \$4 to \$6 a day including meals.

CHÂTEAU DE PRAY, Chargé, Indre-et-Loire. On the Loire, near Amboise, with a lovely terrace overlooking the river where, in good weather, the excellent meals are served. (Some of the chef's specialties: *brochet à la crème*, *poulet à l'estragon*, *pâté de foies de volaille*.) Pleasant bathing, fishing, and canoeing on the river. The château, in the Renaissance manner, is a reminder of its original landlord, François I. Open March fifteenth to January fifth. Fourteen rooms, two with private bath; hot and cold running water in all. Three are always set aside for unannounced guests, but still, it's better to announce. About \$4 to \$5 a day, including meals.

CHÂTEAU DE LA GENDRONNIÈRE, Candé-sur-Beuvron, Loir-et-Cher. Staying here is like being at a pleasant French country house-party, presided over by the young owner, Mlle. Tabardy. The house itself is late nineteenth-century, un-historical but comfortable, and a good centre for exploring the lovely Loire district. Open all year. Reservations should be made by letter several days in advance. Nine rooms, one with bath, all with hot and cold running water. About \$5 a day with meals.

L'ABBAYE DE BEAUGENCY, Beaugency, Loiret. On the banks of the Loire, this one-time eighteenth-century abbey, nobly proportioned, bears few traces of its original austerity. In spite of the fondness of the chef for giving his dishes clerical names, such as *omelette des révérends*, the food is superb. Fishing, canoeing, riding. Open all year. Twenty-five rooms, one with bath. About \$5.50 a day with meals.

CHÂTEAU DE CHARMEIL, St. Rémy-en-Rollat, on the Allier River, outside Vichy. The eighteenth-century château stands in a private park, near Vichy's famous thermal baths (which Mme. de Sévigné wrote about in her letters). Excellent golf courses, swimming pools, and tennis courts nearby. A famous horse race in Vichy during June, a regatta in August. Open all year; eleven rooms, seven with bath; about \$7 with meals.



6. Château de Carennac

CHÂTEAU DE CARENNAC, Lot, in the Dordogne valley, near Souillac. Built in the fifteenth century around a Romanesque cloister, the remains of a Benedictine monastery, with balconies and fountains fancy as Christmas cookies. Fénelon, who wrote the famous *Adventures of Telemachus*, lived here for seven years, and little wonder; the sunny Dordogne valley, beautiful enough just to look at, has created some of the best cooking in the world. Specialties here are *foie gras*, *galantine de dinde truffée*, and *omelette aux truffes*. Less than ten miles away sprawl the Padirac caves, with immense subterranean auditoriums—one of the great geological wonders of France. Open from Easter to November first; eight rooms, all with a view of the valley, one with private bath, five with just hot water; about \$3 to \$5 with meals.

CHÂTEAU DE MERCUÈS, Mercuès, in the Lot Valley, near Cahors. The mediaeval dignity of this fortress-like château, originally owned by the bishops of Cahors who lost it in 1905, has survived the Hundred Years War and the Wars of Religion. Part of its attraction is that within fifty miles to the northeast are the Lascaux caves, with their famous prehistoric drawings. The château's chef does regional specialties: *confit d'oie*, *poulet aux cèpes*, *canard aux olives*. Open Palm Sunday to October fifteenth; twenty rooms, seven with bath, all others with hot water; from \$5 to \$10 with meals.

CHÂTEAU DE SAUVETERRE (Hostellerie du Château), Sauveterre-de-Béarn, Basses-Pyrénées. A turreted seventeenth-century country house, with the hotel installed, and next to it, the castle, once the fortress of the Kings of Béarn. (In the twelfth century a Queen of Béarn, charged with infanticide, found herself tossed from the castle bridge into the stream below where the waters, recognizing her innocence, laid her affectionately on the bank.) Simple but delicious food; in the winter, the owner's wife cooks; in summer, there's a chef. Salmon fishing. Open all year; twelve rooms, one with bath, the rest with hot water, from about \$3 to \$4 a day with meals.

LA RÉSIDENCE, 12 Avenue du Général Leclerc, Pau, Basses-Pyrénées. Filled with elegant antiques and Edwardian relics that recall the great British influence on Pau; this is the best hotel (and looks little like one) in the pleasantest town of the lower Pyrénées. Some call the golf course, laid out by Britishers, the finest in Europe; fox hunting (but only till the end of March); chamois hunting in the mountains almost all year, Pyrénées-climbing popular. Open all year; twelve rooms; five with private bath, the others with hot water; from about \$4 with meals.

ABBAYE DE L'ESCALADIEU, Bourg de Bigorre, Hautes-Pyrénées. A twelfth-century abbey, founded by Cistercian monks. Trout fishing, excursions through the mountains, and to the famous shrine of Lourdes. Open from May first through the end of October; sixteen rooms, five with private bath, eight with just hot water; for room alone \$1 to \$3.50; with meals, about \$4 to \$5.

CHÂTEAU D'AYRES, Meyrueis, Lozère. In an isolated valley in the wildest part of France, reached after a spectacular journey through the savage *Gorges du Tarn*, the marvellous Château d'Ayres has been spared the installation of a modern hot-water system. (There is hot water, presented in a dozen pails.) Delightful hospitality. Open from Easter to the end of September; thirty rooms, no private baths; eighteen rooms with washstands; from about \$4 to \$6 with meals.

CHÂTEAU DE MEYRARGUES, Meyrargues, Bouches-du-Rhône, near Marseille. A thirteenth-century castle; its showpiece, the vaulted dining room, with its huge windows looking into the Durance valley. Nearby are Aix en Provence (music festival, July tenth to July thirty-first); Avignon (theatre festival, July sixteenth to July twenty-fifth); St. Rémy; and Manosque, where the great French writer Jean Giono lives. Open all year; six rooms, all palatial, three with shower, three without; half *pension*, about \$7; full *pension*, about \$8.

ABBAYE DE LA CELLE, Brignoles, Var, about forty-five miles east and inland from Marseille. Centuries old but restored by the owner, a woman of taste. Because beaches are some distance off, most guests are delighted with the swimming pool. Open all year; fifteen rooms, six with bath, nine with hot water; about \$7 to \$11 with meals.



11. Château d'Ayres



12. Château de Meyrargues



13. Abbaye de la Celle

MOULINS

5

MEUDE

11

MARSEILLE

AIX

BRIGNOLES

13

NICE

Pink and white shoes...

Pink: this summer, too good a fashion to stop at the hemline.

So now, the continuity is done with shoes, with stockings
that make a pinky haze in new ways
of their own. Shoe pointing left below:

White calfskin sandal (out-of-town understatement
for pink skirts), thin medium heel. By Palizzio, \$20.

Lord & Taylor. To lead from white into pink:
pastel sandalfoot by Mary Grey.

Pointing right: White linen opera pump,
pink kidskin bow, heel. By Confettis, \$13.
Franklin Simon. Pastel shadowfoot
by Hummingbird.

HERBERT MATTER

how...where...when...?

The pink-and-white complexion all the way: for looking fragile
(with chalk-white linen, floating pink chiffons).

And for: iced-tea in the afternoon, cocktails on the terrace,
summer dinners in town or country.

Pointing left below:

The airiest pink kidskin sandal, \$27.

At Saks Fifth Avenue. To do it justice,

a pink-in-itself sandalfoot by Phoenix.

Pointing right: Again, the very bare sandal,
in pink kidskin, \$29. Andrew Geller.

Pinkish seamless sandalfoot
by Munsingwear.



Whitening: summer coolness

Nice coincidence: that chalk-white—the great all-time all-summer cooler—happens to be one of the strongest fashions of the season (Paris collections were emphatic about it, too). And nice that the chalk-white dresses on these four pages happen to include easy upkeep—cotton sheeting, linen, and now, a white shark-skin that whitens *as* it's worn (some secret chemical agreement between fibre and sun). *Opposite page:* The return of sharkskin, whiter than ever in Celanese acetate. The V-necked dress by Vera Stewart, about \$80. At Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Black velveteen cartwheel, by Betmar: Bergdorf Goodman. *This page, above:* White piqué scooped at the neck, cut with a high princesse waist. Designed by Junior House, of a *bas relief* piqué by William Anderson, \$30. At Bendel's Young-Timers. *This page, below:* For dinner in town, perhaps: chalk-white Tebilized Irish linen with a cami-sole top, long lines of tucks to the hem. By Delmar, \$45. Saks Fifth; Woolf Brothers.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN. INTERIOR AND FURNITURE DESIGNED BY PAUL MCCOBB





Whitening: summer coolness *continued*

This page: Summer whiteness made of cotton, worn with black. The young woman standing (looking as fresh as a standing order of white tulips) wears a scooped-neck white dress of Stevens cotton twill. By McMullen, \$23. The young woman seated wears white piqué with a boat neckline, longish sleeves, \$20. Both: Altman; Hudson's; Hutzler's. Van S belts: Altman. *Opposite page:* Wonderful country-day look (we took it straight from the cover of *Vogue*, this issue). The dress, tucked crêpe, of Dacron and rayon, tied with red-and-white stripes. By David Crystal, \$45. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Neiman-Marcus. The hat, a wide circle of leghorn straw banded with white chiffon, from Sally Victor. Colourful straw bracelets and gilt-and-straw earrings by Accessocraft; straw-coloured Dawnelle gloves: Lord & Taylor. Pretty in even the whitest sunlight: the complexion here, lit with Charles of the Ritz hand-blended face powder. The lipstick, a sunlit coral pink called "Camellia"—also by Charles of the Ritz.







MR. AND MRS. CUMMINS CATHERWOOD

DALI'S BEATING HEART JEWEL

in the jewel collection
touring Europe for the
Catherwood Foundation



Pulsing eerily at the correct seventy-two beats a minute, this jewelled heart, *opposite*, a honeycomb of rubies, throbs within the solid nugget-gold pericardium of Salvador Dali's Royal Heart, *below*. One of twenty-one extraordinary Dali jewels now on exhibition in Italy, the Royal Heart stands five and a quarter inches high (slightly larger than a human heart), and runs by a tiny electric mechanism hidden in the base.

It belongs, as do the other Dali jewels, all equally dreamlike, to the Catherwood Foundation of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. With seven directors and the blanket goal of "doing what we can to help," this small Foundation, founded in 1947, has an easy flexibility, an inquiring mind, and a diversity of projects; among these are educational grants, exchange scholarships, and the sponsorship of the recent Van Gogh exhibition in Philadelphia. On occasion, the Foundation may fan into flame an experimental project, which, once proved successful, is taken over by a larger organization.

The Foundation's president, Mr. Cummins Catherwood, a tall, soft-spoken Philadelphia banker who looks a little like Joseph Cotten, gives as an example of flame-fanning a research program worked out with Philadelphia's Academy of Natural Sciences to develop a machine that would indicate when a river was becoming dangerously polluted by industrial wastes. This project crackled so merrily that Du Pont and "some oil companies" took it over.

The Dali jewels, however, were bought for philanthropic pleasure, quite aside from their potential value as fund-raisers for future Foundation projects. Mrs. Catherwood, an amber-eyed woman who speaks with quick conviction, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles C. G. Chaplin (both directors of the Foundation), went simply to look at the jewels—as women looking at jewels—and were carried away by them as works of art. (Later, Mrs. Catherwood, preparing for a visit from Dali, taught her parakeet to say "Dali beats Cellini.") In time, the Foundation hopes to add other jewels to the collection, possibly some pre-Inca gold work, some renaissance pieces, and probably more Dali. With his unfazed jewellers, Alemany and Ertman, Dali is embroiled now in his most elaborate jewel by far, a gold chalice, its outside carved into dead, worm-eaten leaves which at a touch open into jewelled butterflies.

PENN

UNFORGETTABLE MOMENTS IN

Twelve little moments, candidates for memory, but chosen on the theory that although titles and plots are elusive, the laugh, the blow to the emotions, the sudden gesture, the turntable line, all last.

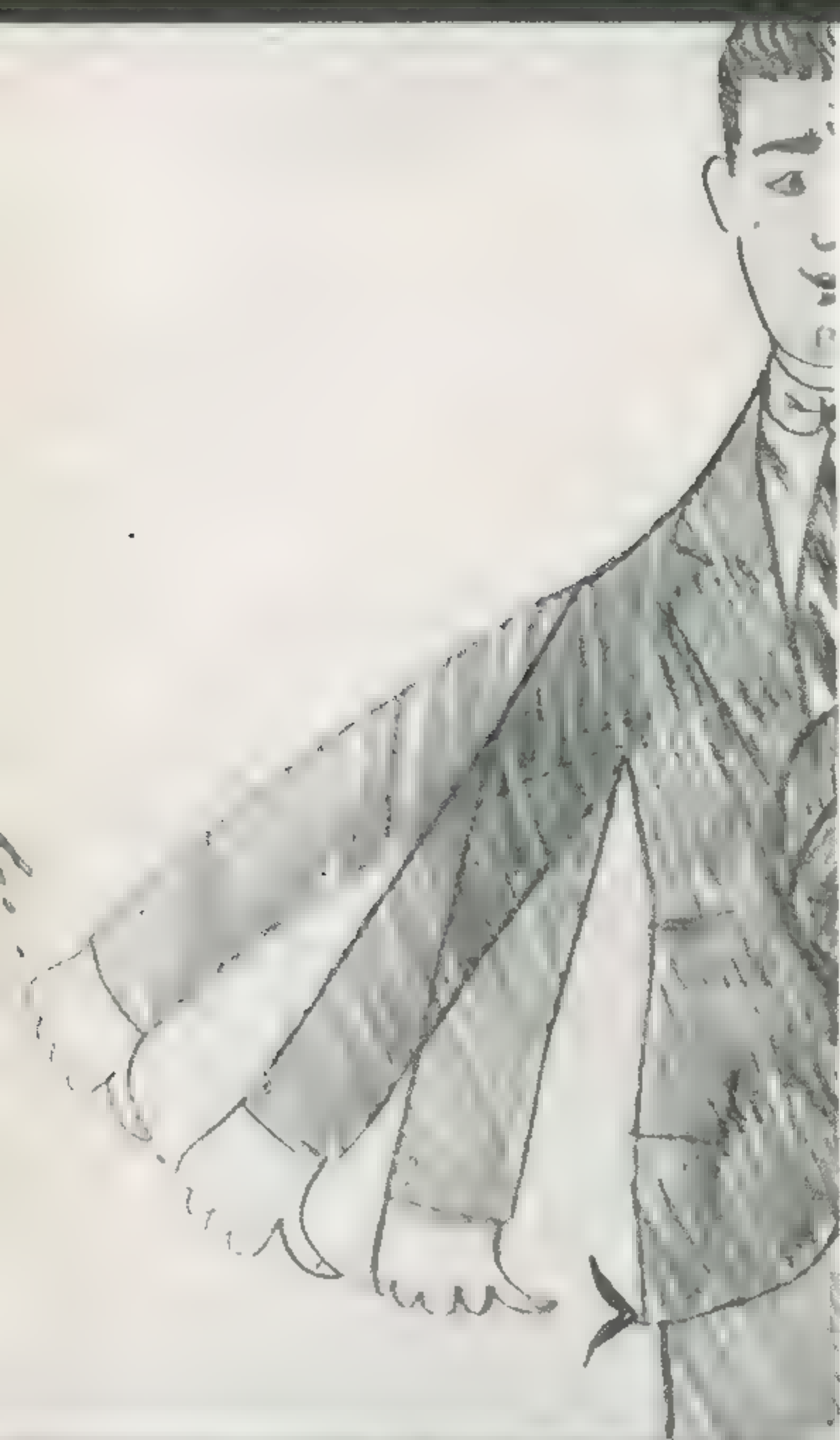


Lloyd Nolan in *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* rolls steel balls.

The inexpressibly horrifying moment when the plausible Captain Queeg, needled into anger, takes out the two silver steel balls, rolls them compulsively, incessantly, gives away the imminence of his breakdown.

Darryl Richard telephones in *King of Hearts*.

Nine-year-old Billy, invited to lunch with his friend, telephones his mother for permission. Happy, persuasive, he quietly begins to deflate, answers merely, "Huh?," then a series of crestfalling "Oh," "Oh," "Oh," hangs up the phone and turns to the others, and, beaten down, says "I had lunch."



Larry Blyden in *Oh, Men! Oh, Women!* jabs his thigh.

The hilarious moments when young Blyden at the psychiatrist's office, protesting that he doesn't know why he is there, bangs his thumb furiously, unconsciously on his thigh, says, with increasing tempo:

I shouldn't be here. I don't need a psychoanalyst. I need help. Help. I know what's wrong with me, I think....I'm almost apologetic for taking up your time...! I am! You'll laugh!...That's all right with me! I don't need a psychoanalyst! I need Help! Help....

SKETCH BY RAYMOND PORTER

Russell Collins, as the chauffeur, explains how he made a million dollars in *Sabrina Fair*.

The charming moment when the bookish chauffeur, Fairchild, father of Sabrina, tells his banker-employer, the charming senior Mr. Larrabee, of the impulse which led him to a secret career of speculation, of honest stock manipulation.

Fairchild: *Yes, sir. Since I invested only in companies I had personal confidence in. Like General Motors. But finally, I began to worry. It didn't seem right to be getting all that money for doing something that any fool could do. And it seemed rather a revolting spectacle to see money making money, like small animals breeding in dark corners.... And so I sold out....*

Larrabee: *For thirty years he sat in the front seat, and never gave me a tip!*

Victor Borge gets snobbish in *Comedy in Music*.

Victor Borge has spent a delightful season all by himself with his piano and ecstatic audiences, playing, getting absurdly high-minded over middle-brow music, non-sequiturish over serious music, and always funny.



Kalioujny lifts Jeanmaire in the *pas de deux* in *The Girl in Pink Tights*.

The tender float of Jeanmaire in the first act *pas de deux* designed by Agnes De Mille for this musical, has a curiously timeless beauty.

THE THEATRE THIS SEASON

Ina Claire tells of her childhood in *The Confidential Clerk*.

The comic moment when Ina Claire, looking incomparably delightful and butterfly-brained, explains to the young confidential clerk how she refused to believe that her father was "an ordinary earl," and had had three obsessions which she never told anyone.

Lady Elizabeth: *I wonder if you had the same obsessions.*
Colby: *What were they?*

Lady Elizabeth: *The first was that I was very ugly
And didn't know it. Then, that I was feeble-minded
And didn't know it. Finally,
That I was a foundling, and didn't know it.
Of course, I was terrified of being ugly,
And of being feeble-minded: though my family made me
Think so.*

*But you know, I actually liked to believe
That I was a foundling—or do I mean "changeling"?*

Audrey Hepburn leaps in *Ondine*.

One magic moment of *Ondine* comes when Audrey Hepburn as the water-nymph does a ballet leap, from an apparently standing-still position to the lap of her knight-errant, Mel Ferrer.



SKETCH BY RAYMOND PORTER

Josephine Hull in *The Solid Gold Cadillac* empties her desk.

Going through her desk, alone on stage, Josephine Hull chats to herself, hums a little, and extracts: a pink slip, one red galosh, a fan, a coffee pot ("If I hadn't been here. I never would have learned about second breakfasts. . ."), a piggy bank, a box of Lux, and then from the bookcase, the other red galosh. The filing cabinet yields a corset.



David Wayne in *The Teahouse of the August Moon* sets out for the mountains.

The sight gag of this jeep, piled up with a grandmother, her daughters, a couple of grandchildren, a man who just wanted to go along for the ride, and finally the goat, blocking the windshield, is the first act curtain crasher.



John Kerr and Dick York have a talk in *Tea and Sympathy*.

The delicate moment when the roommates at a boys' school have their discussion and Al, the football player, attempts to help his friend, Tom, who is suspected, unfairly, of homosexuality.

Al: *You could do a lot for yourself, just the way you talk and look.*

Tom: *You mean get my hair cut?*

Al: *For one thing.*

Tom: *Why the hell should a man with a crew cut look more manly than a guy who—...*

Al: *Look, Tom, the way you walk...*

Tom: *All right, now I'm walking. Tell me.*

Al: *Tom, I don't know. You walk sort of light.*



Billy De Wolfe and Hermione Gingold do "Dinner For One" in *Almanac*.

The basic madness of this skit comes when Hermione Gingold, in an advanced state of corroding gentility, entertains an invisible line-up of deceased beaux, with Billy De Wolfe, as her butler, pouring a succession of wines, and then drinking up all the toasts until he weaves like a tapestry.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... "Skull sessions," the Washington phrase for big-brain conferences, National Security Council meetings, Cabinet meetings... The embarrassment of *Anniversary Waltz*, a comedy written apparently by a pair who never had the chance to see human beings.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... *The Fremantle Diary*, an account by a Coldstream Guardsman of his adventures when he spent his 1863 holiday by going as a spectator to the Civil War, watching, for instance, the Battle of Gettysburg from a perch on a tree, with an Austrian Hussar as a companion sight-seer... The copy cats who copy Liberace and want their black toupees silvered at the temples... The London readings of Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood*, at the Old Vic with Sybil Thorndike, Emlyn Williams, and Richard Burton.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The night-club parodist, Jonathan Winters, a portable sound effects comedian... *Stories on Stone*, a new book of epitaphs which includes this modern one from Hood River, Oregon: *Asad Experience Wilson 1895-1946*, with the author's comments "his mother had given the name when he was born out of wedlock"... Shirley Booth, a delectable throw-back to the 1900's in the musical, *By the Beautiful Sea*, in which the producer made the mistake of inserting into ersatz nostalgic music that old wonder, that frou-frou charmer, "In the Good Old Summer Time."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The hammering vitality of "The Younger Americans" in the new exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum... The international boxing match for the Duke of Edinburgh Trophy to be fought here on May 20 by teams from the London Federation of Boys' Clubs and from the Boys' Club of New York... The French chain letter which goes something like this: "Just send a copy of this letter to five businessmen friends. Then pack up your wife and send her to the man whose name is at the top of the list, and add your name to the bottom. When you reach the top, you will receive 15,372 women. Be sure not to break the chain—a man who did get his own wife back."

SAUL STEINBERG'S VIEW OF

"THE THREEPENNY OPERA," REVIVED

On a shirt cardboard Steinberg assembled this sad-panned crew of cops and robbers, inspired by Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera*, once a 1928 Berlin sensation but now a comfortable revival at New York's Theatre de Lys. (Based on Gay's *Beggars' Opera*, with a rancid interlarding now of snobbish poverty, *Threepenny* has a switchy counterpoint of the tawdry and the schmaltz, with its charm, beer-garden nostalgia; this unfortunately holds up only part of the time.) When Steinberg created this *Threepenny* collage he said: "To do something with nothing; that is the real meaning of opera." Using only "found" things—old paper bags and odd bits from his working reserve of envelopes, theatre stubs, hotel bills—he picked out chunks that looked like faces, inking in noses, eyes, and mouths. At the upper left, a pair of lick-and-stick gummed seals for moon-faced people; the square seal on the right, a Steinberg cat. For unshaven types he scratched, cat-fashion, on the cardboard ("This will make a five-days beard"). At the lower right: a toast face ("I just chewed it a little"); a squint-eyed woman sprung almost-full-born from a paper doily ("It saved me the trouble of making her hair-do"). Next to her, a slant-nose cop, who was once a Paris Métro ticket; punched twice, it had ready-made eyes. Anything can go through Steinberg's gnomish mill, anything but perishables: "Otherwise, I might have had orange peels and small girls' knees."

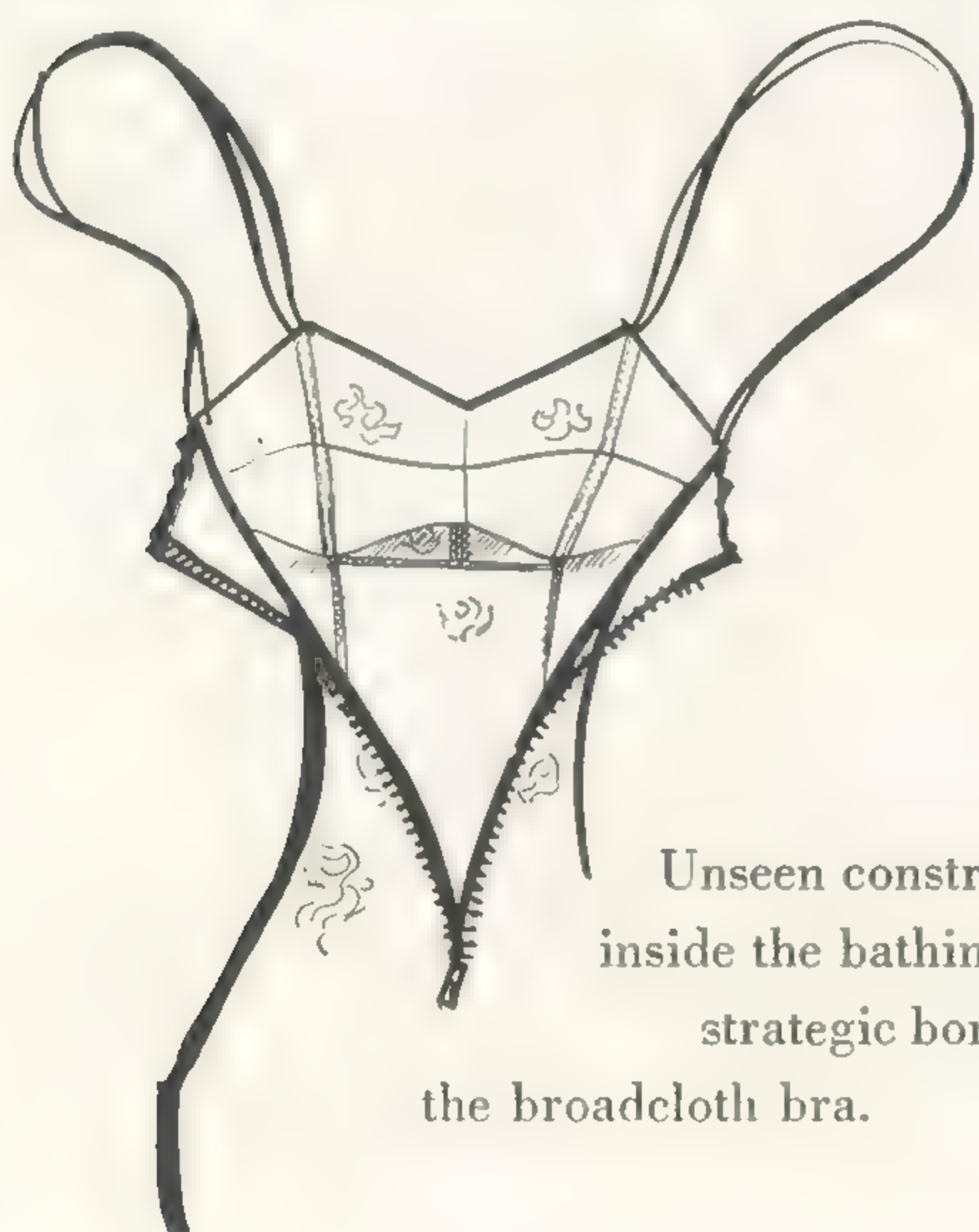


The summer figure: topic for today

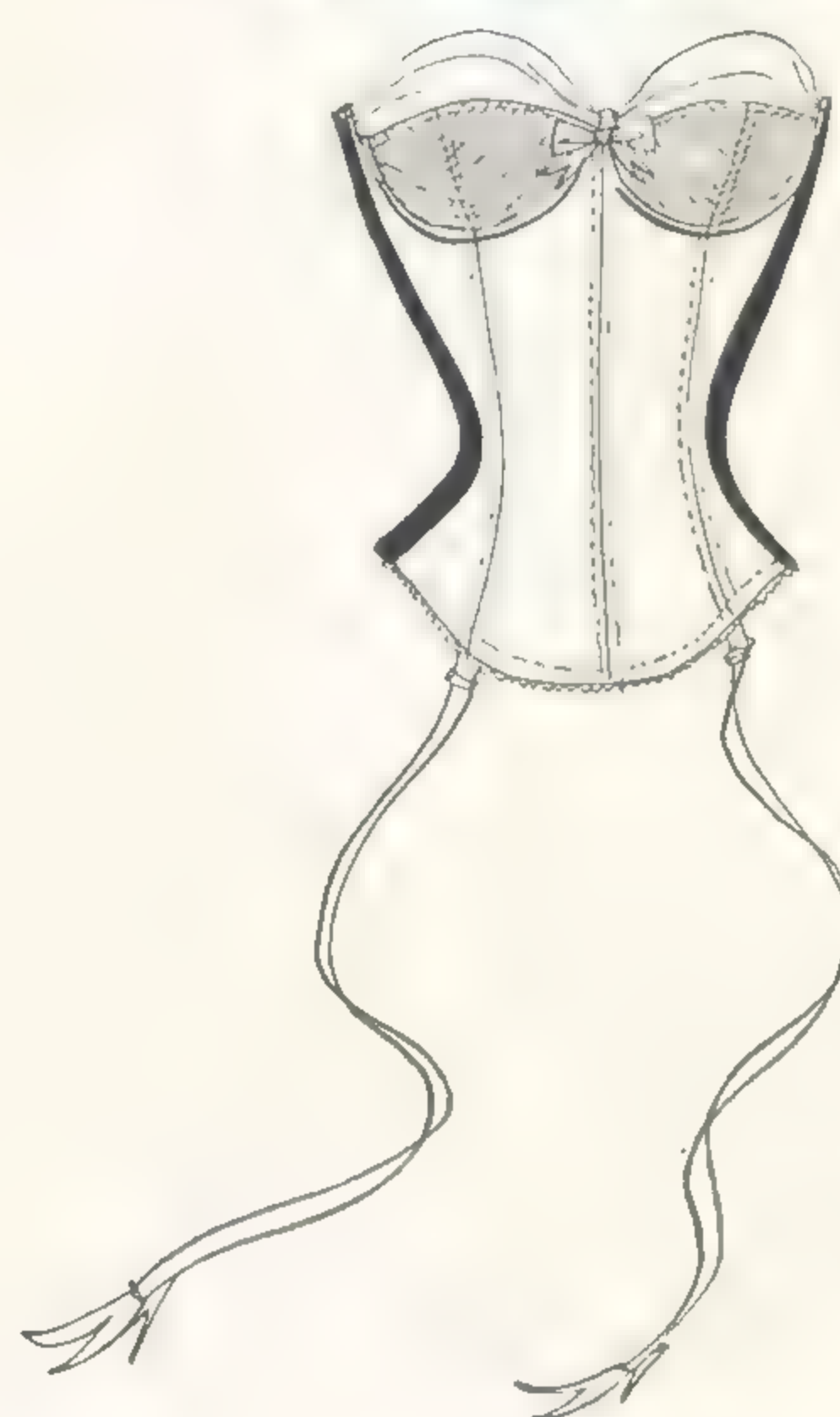
With us this season: two approaches to the summer figure. (What we're after, of course, is the best-possible figure both for bathing suit and for dry land.) We feel strongly that one can't rely on camouflage-by-sun tan, or mirages-in-the-sand, or the high-temperature tolerance of friends. (You can help matters by summer exercise and thoughtful dieting . . . see pages 94-95.) Here: two ways to fit your figure for summer.

Left: The built-in figure that comes with a bathing suit. Here, the transformation is achieved by the substructure. The suit is a foundation (see sketch below, left, for the mechanics of the thing), *and* a shimmering sheath. The interior design is contrived to make almost any figure close to perfect. Completing the fit: Conmar back zipper closing. In Ming gold. By Rose Marie Reid in a Rosenstein fabric of Celanese acetate and Lastex, \$18. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Frederick & Nelson.

Right: The figure that's built in by you, via designed-for-summer foundation. The dress is flowing—in places. It's also fitted as a rosebud petal through the midriff: you can't conceal a thing. To take care of this situation: corselette by Warner's (see below, right), at Bonwit Teller. Dress by Claire McCardell of Hope Skillman's cotton chambray, \$45. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. The enormous hat: Mr. John.



Unseen construction
inside the bathing suit:
strategic boning in
the broadcloth bra.



Unseen construction
under the dress:
boned corselette,
elasticized sides.



Borrowed for good: new wools for suits

Two new surfaces on smart beaches, smart figures this summer. A brilliant knit pattern. And a special wool gabardine taken over from the men. *Right:* Tan wool gabardine, up to now strictly a male prerogative on the beach. Traditional for men's trunks, it's used here in a new way. From the waist down: trim boy-shorts; above, a softly managed top. By Brigrance of Sportsmaker, in a Pacific fabric. \$25. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus. *Above:* From Switzerland, a Fair Isle pattern (white x's on black, with vivid colours). Up to now, a sweater classic. Now, boned, re-enforced, elasticized, in a water-worthy blend of wool, cotton, nylon. Safe even when not swimming—it's Mitin mothproofed. By Pius Weiler. About \$18. Lord & Taylor; Charles F. Berg.





News: in colour in coolness

Working for the men now: fabric coolness. How? By weave—these are summerized. By finish—these are wrinkle-resistant. By colour—these are new for country clothes: charcoal-grey worn with print, khaki with white. Khaki's fashion life began in India when the British dyed their white uniforms with coffee and curry powder (to make them cooler?).

Opposite page, far left: A khaki-printed striped shirt of cotton, \$10.50. The khaki walking shorts, a good just-above-the-knee length, made of a linen mixture by Everfast of rayon and cotton, \$11.50. The ribbed cotton socks by Exeter, \$1.50. Black saddle-leather moccasins by Taylor-Made, \$11. *In the centre:* Collarless striped cotton shirt, \$12.50. Khaki cotton beach trunks, \$11.50. White duck shoes by Ripon, \$3. *This page:* For beaches, golf courses—a sports shirt of red and white foulard-printed cotton, \$12. The charcoal-grey walking shorts of crease-resistant blend by Everfast, \$11.50.

Everything on these pages: at Altman. The shirts, walking shorts, and beach trunks, all designed by Izod of London, of fabrics by Everfast, made crease-resistant by Everglaze. These: also ready now at Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; J.W. Robinson; and at the shops listed on page 108 of this issue. *More news:* the car. A Chevrolet Corvette, the first volume-produced car made with a plastic (and therefore cool) body.



Smart men: dressing for coolness



Opposite page: Fine situation for a man to find himself in, summer of '54—a good, dark, serious business suit that's naturally wrinkle-resistant, naturally cool. It's made of a soft new weave of mohair, and nothing but; and it's cut on the lines that look best—namely, narrow ones. Suit by Lebow, of a British woollen in a black-blue shade, \$95. Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Thalhimers. The lady's smart too—in tortoise-shell silk, a taffy linen coat. \$175, by Adele Simpson; Lord & Taylor. Hat, Lilly Daché. *This page, below:* First country jacket of its kind—silk and wool in almost equal portions, in a grassy new weave of khaki and dark grey. It's a cool new development, this weave: porous but sturdy. The cut, news too—narrow, with slanted hacking pockets, side vents. By Lebow in a Skinner fabric, \$85. From Lord & Taylor. Lady's dress? Blue leafy flowers on white cotton, by Star-Maid, \$50. Henri Bendel.

HORST





1



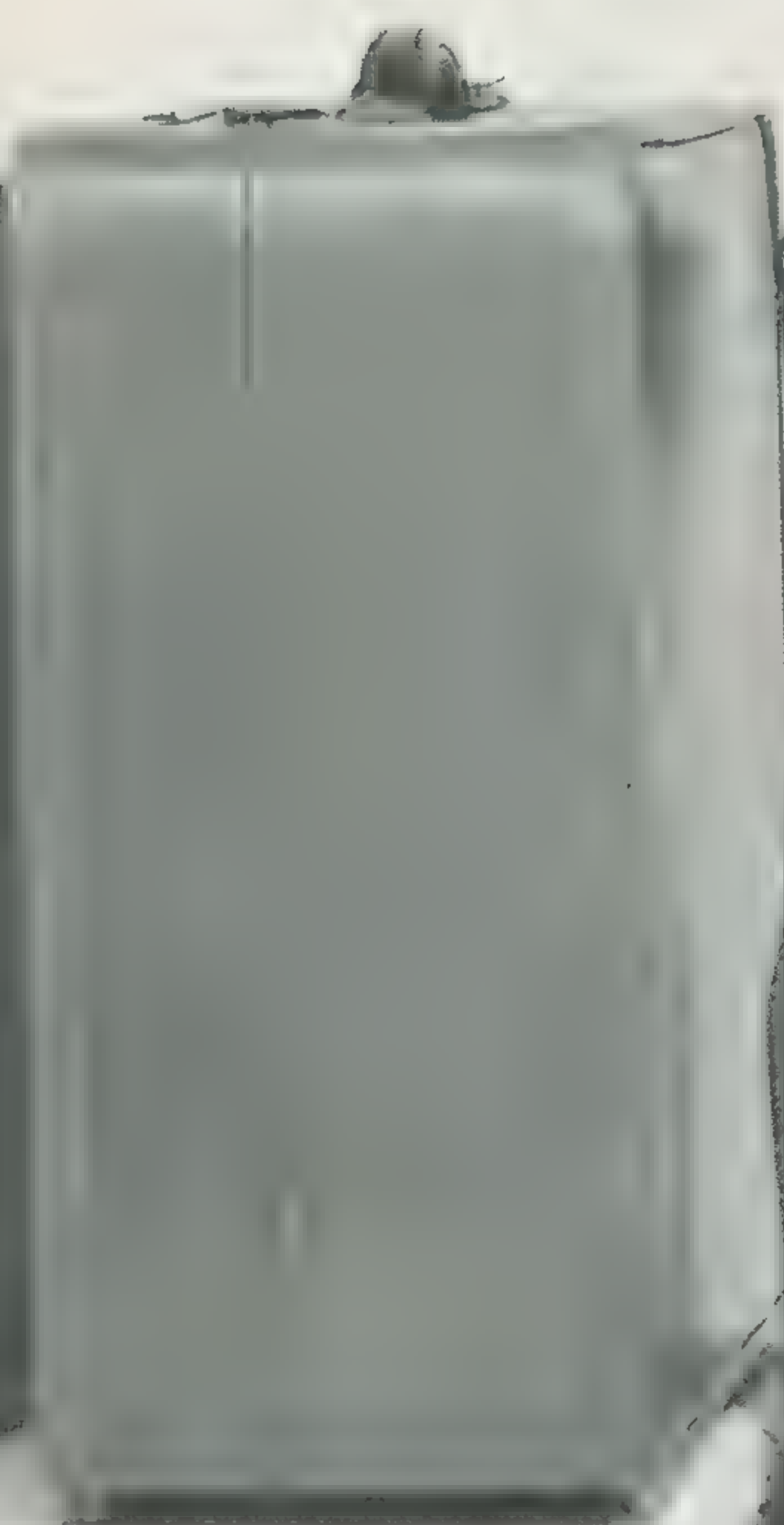
2



3



6



7



8



9

Nice going:
smart new
luggage





The traveller here (waiting to go through customs?) is equipped to carry everything from writing desks to terriers. We don't recommend using all this handsome luggage at once, but various combinations are perfect for any suitcase-requiring week end in this issue; just as useful for a trip around the world.

1. A mailbag for a year's correspondence (or a week-end's worth of clothes). Of natural leather, \$75*.

2. Double-handled leather bag, flannel-lined, \$90*.

3. A leather bag shaped like a picnic hamper, \$83*.

These first three, made in Italy. Here, at Gucci.

4. Transportation for a good-sized, good-natured terrier: canvas dog-carrier, \$19*. Mark Cross.

5. Horizontal duffle bag (small version) of Stuart plaid fabric.

By Harrison, \$11*. Lord & Taylor.

6. A large hat-and-shoe bag of mahogany-coloured leather (we're still looking for the woman who uses her hat-and-shoe bag solely for hats and shoes).

By Amelia Earhart Luggage, \$108*. Altman.

7. Woman's week-end case of golden aniline cowhide by Hartmann, \$125*. Saks Fifth.

8. Aniline cowhide pouch by Wings, \$35*. Saks Fifth.

9. Small carrying-case of aniline cowhide by Wings, \$53*. Saks Fifth.

10. Week-end size handbag of black calfskin by Josef, \$75*.

White gloves by Superb, \$6. Both Lord & Taylor.

11. Tall slim suitcase: a woman's wardrobe case, \$68*.

12. An attaché case that opens into a writing desk, \$40*.

13. A man's week-end closet: one-suit suitcase, \$75*.

These last three: all of pale steerhide by Wheary; all: Abercrombie & Fitch.

The traveller here wears a black-and-white cotton tweed sheath dress, jacketed. By Branell, \$95. Best's.

*PLUS TAX





Bucian

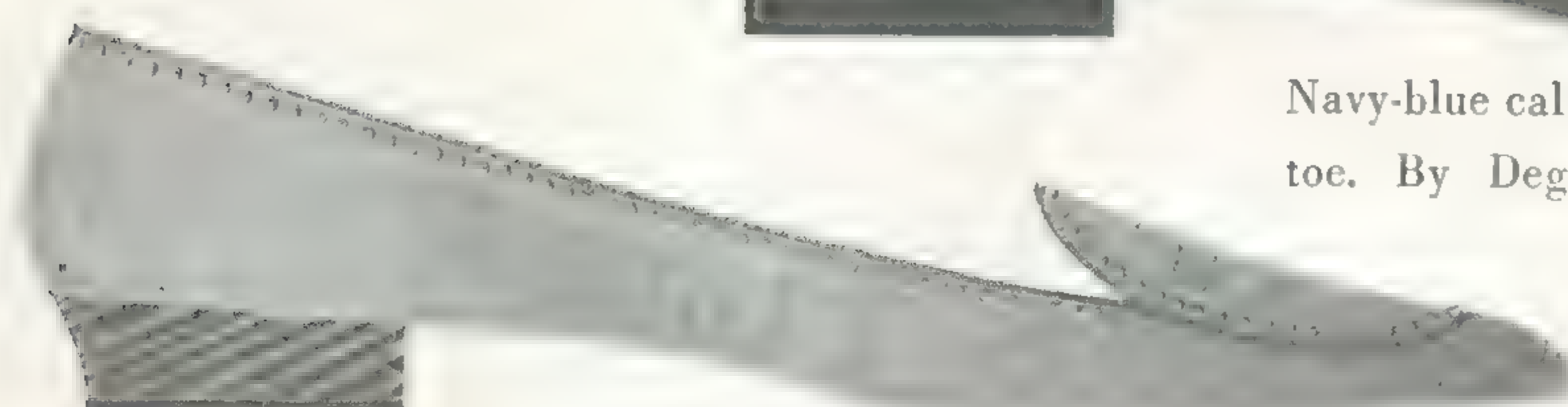
Young summer look: airy, full-skirted

Opposite page: We've been making a file of them, showing them as we go along—dresses that look extraordinarily cool. Our idea of a fine cooling system—look cool. This dress, one of the airiest looks we've seen: white organdie dotted with a meadow of blue cornflowers, worn with black accessories and shaded with a fringed black straw hat. The dress: by Minx Modes, only in junior sizes, \$18. The fabric: a Fisba organdie. Ready at Saks 34th; Vandervoort's. *This page:* Bare summer shoes, cooler than going barefoot (think how hot sand can be) and ever so much more colourful—details of these, below.

Young summer shoes: airy, low-heeled



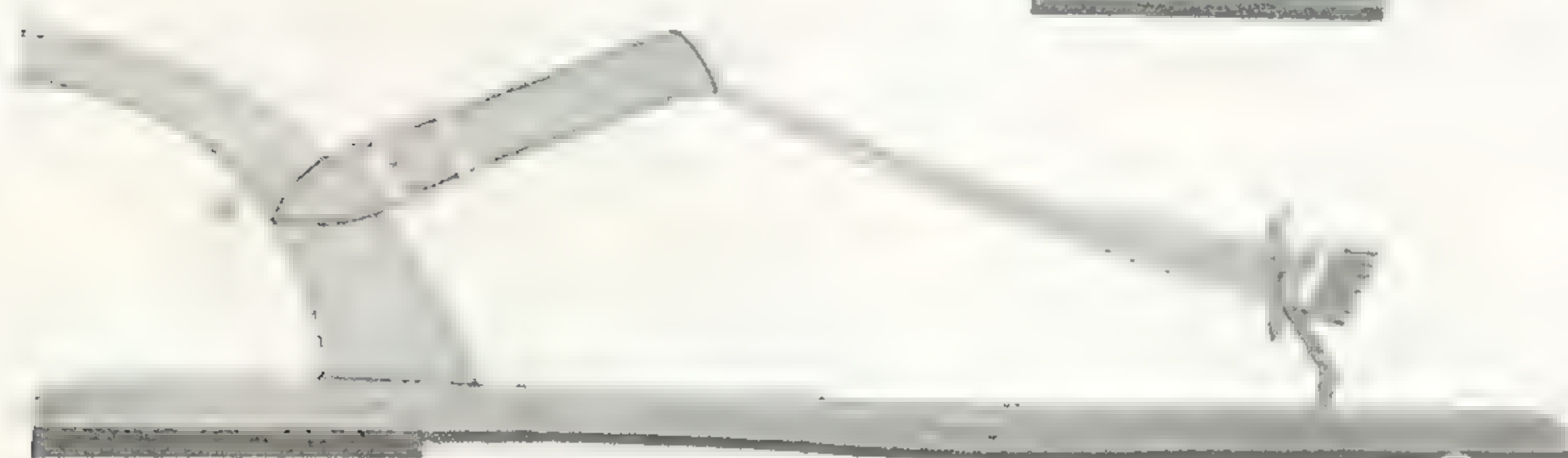
Navy-blue calfskin with a white-trimmed, pointed toe. By Degas, \$13. Saks Fifth; Harzfeld's.



Above, orange linen, with brass dots. By Oomphies, \$10. Lord & Taylor; Frost Bros.



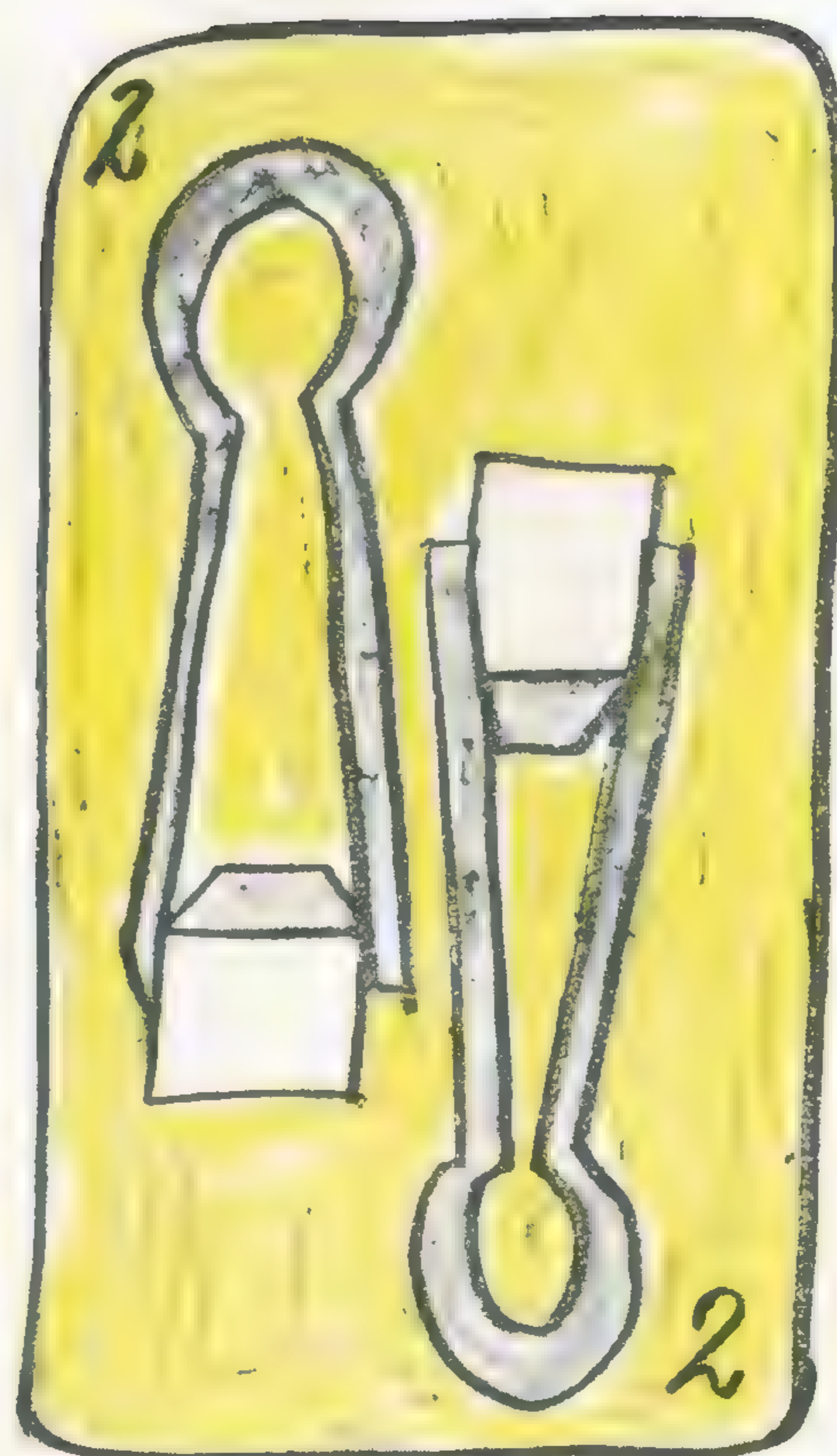
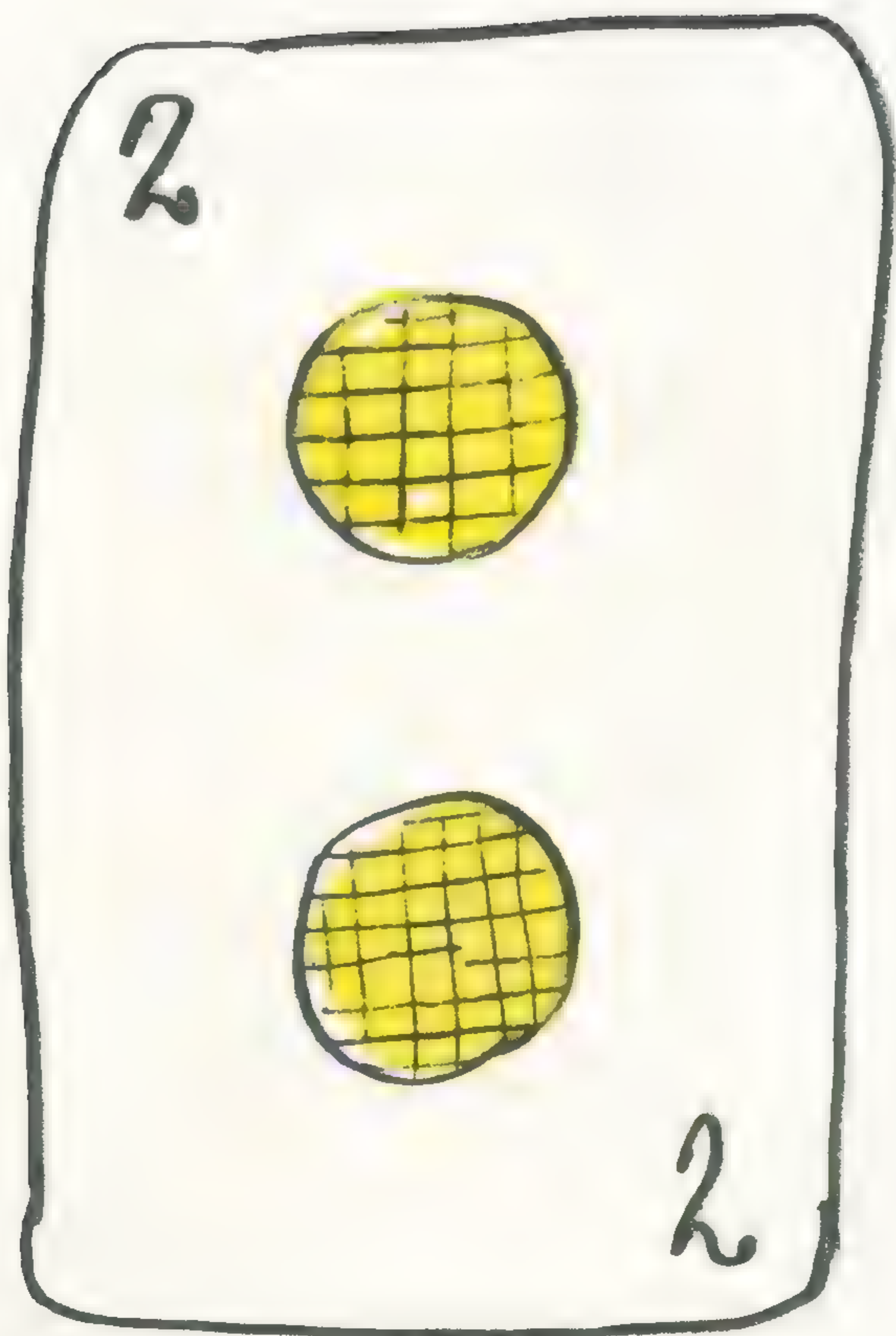
A lattice of raffia, straw flowers. By Sbicca of California, \$10. Altman; J. W. Robinson.



Thong sandal, azure deerskin. By Town & Country, \$8. Lord & Taylor; Woolf Brothers.



To wear on beaches, at home: woven cane straw shoe. \$13. An Evins import, at I. Miller.



B U T T E R		Cal.	S U G A R		Cal.
1 tablespoonful (use on morning toast, or vegetables, or baked potato)	100		Sugar—1 level teaspoonful		18
			Jam, jelly, or marmalade 1 tablespoonful		50
			Honey—1 tablespoonful		64
			Angel food cake—average slice		150
			Custard—1/2 cupful		150
			Sherbet—1/2 cupful		110
			Ice cream, vanilla—(1 scoop)		100
			1 cup cake		130
			1 brownie or 2 chocolates		100
			PERMISSIBLE CALORIES:		150

MAXIMUM PLAY 150 CALORIES A DAY

New diet: “Deuces Wild”

Butter, sugar, bread, and drinks are usually forbidden on strict diets. Yet—butter, sugar, bread, and drinks are the four most common reasons why diets are broken off prematurely. The old theory about these forbiddens was All—or Nothing at All. The *new* theory is this: a little every day—why not? That’s why we’ve invented the new diet game called “Deuces Wild.” Here are the rules: one of the “deuces” (pictured above) can be used to make the diet “hand” (directly right) a winning score. The player can only add 150 calories each day to the 800 calories of her basic diet. But she can get enough pleasure out of the deal to keep her staying in the game for a long time; long enough to find herself the winner—of a slimmer, trimmer figure.



BREAD

Cal.

1 slice of bread or toast

55

1 whole wheat muffin

120

2 plain cookies

100

4 soda crackers

100

2 small biscuits

100

1 small hard roll

80

1 popover

80

PERMISSIBLE CALORIES:

150

DRINKS

Cal.

Whiskey—1 oz. bourbon

100

Scotch—1 oz. (87 proof)

87

Beer—1 8-oz. glassful

100

Wines—1 wineglassful
(red or white table wine)

75

Gin—1 oz.

70

Rum—1 oz.

86

PERMISSIBLE CALORIES:

150

BREAKFAST

½ grapefruit (small)
1 thin slice toast or
2 Melba toasts
or
½ cupful dry cereal
1 glassful skim milk
Tea or coffee

LUNCH

2½ oz. lean meat or
Fish (3½ oz.) or
2 eggs
Mixed salad
(lemon, vinegar, or low-calorie dressing)
or
Green vegetable
Tea or coffee

DINNER

Consommé
3½ oz. lean meat or fish
Green vegetable
Small potato
Fruit
Black coffee
TOTAL CALORIES
FOR DAY: 800



Patou

VOGUE PATTERN 1263



Paquin

VOGUE PATTERN 1261



Desses

VOGUE PATTERN 1258



Griffe

VOGUE PATTERN 1260

Make your own Paris copies
via Vogue Patterns



Lanvin-Castillo

VOGUE PATTERN 1262



Jacques Fath

VOGUE PATTERN 1265



Schiaparelli

VOGUE PATTERN 1264



Heim

VOGUE PATTERN 1259

Eight dresses by eight Paris designers, chosen because they fit the American scene, and because the designer's mark is on each. There is only one way you can make them: only from Vogue Patterns. But they can be made in endless ways: pluck from a range of fabrics the one perfect rose (or blue) for you. (Pleasant thought: your pinking shears follow the same path as Schiaparelli's, your pins go where Patou's go.) PATOU: Short, for long summer evenings: gently folded bodice, gently pleated skirt, pocket at the side (to hold summer theatre tickets... or a pocketful of lire). Particularly new in print. Maybe: paper taffeta, organdie. PAQUIN: The new easiness, nearly limitless in time: elegant with the jacket afternoons, elegant without, at night. Showing after dark: the long sleeveless bodice with low oval neckline front and back, pointed waistband darts. DESSÈS: For summer weddings, afternoon-into-dinner in town. Flared folds, easily asymmetrical; high neckline going into a surplice that crosses at the back, ties at left.

GRIFFE: Relaxed ease, for summer tans acquired anywhere. Softness at the shoulders, developing into bare-back straps. When the occasion demands: very brief collarless bolero. LANVIN-CASTILLO: Suit-dress that becomes a dinner dress; the jacket covers a sleeveless bodice. News: pleats everywhere... machine-pleated into the skirt, the inset section below the square neckline. In printed silk, surah, shantung. FATH: Not for everybody, not for the country. But the newest thing Fath does... the "corset-waisted dress," here short, for evening. The woman who has the figure for this one knows it; so do her friends. We show it here in crêpe. SCHIAPARELLI: Short dinner dress that fits like a wonderful surprise; every woman's easy-to-wear friend (and friendships like this go on and on). Easy skirt, side inserts. HEIM: From lunch on: the summer town look. The long, long jacket goes over a skirt stitched from waistline to hips, then flaring (over its own petticoat) into unpressed pleats. For back views, yardages, other details, see page 106.

Lemonade dresses: cool, bare, pretty

Fashion problem: she likes to feel cool, but likes to dress up; is fond of ladybugs.

Good points: her nice tan arms.

Made here: four solutions with a done-to-order air, of cotton and linen.

Hand-smocked and embroidered in Italy, and all, bare of sleeves.

1. Striped blue cotton broadcloth, piping and shoulder ties. \$11.

2. Yellow cotton broadcloth, white yoke, blue smocking. \$17.

3. Embroidered bug life, including butterflies among flowers.

White McBratney linen, pleated skirt. \$20.

4. Wildly successful young conversation piece: embroidered Italian ladybugs with umbrellas. Green cotton broadcloth, white McBratney linen top. \$17.

All by Florence Eiseman. Sizes 1 to 4.

Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus.





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CHANEL



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how to get ready for a trip to Europe



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How to pack . . . Ask Mary Gordon of TWA for her leaflet on "Packing Tips." It will help you pack in a third of the space . . . show you how to avoid repacking while on your trip. By following Mary Gordon's hints, you will need fewer bags, be freer from clothes worries.

How to go . . . Fly TWA, of course, and in a few short hours be in Europe, where a friendly TWA hostess meets you at the airport . . . assists you through customs . . . explains foreign money . . . provides shopping hints. In fact, TWA gives you the finest service abroad . . . service that makes you feel at home in any country. Ask your travel agent, local TWA office or Mary Gordon about tours that fit your time and budget. You'll be surprised how little a European trip costs via TWA.



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☐ See Europe for \$10 a Day
☐ Skyliner Tours of Europe

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SICILY, WITH LOVE

(Continued from page 59)

but the Sicilians are a warm, sympathetic people who at least pretend you are understandable as you look up and pronounce the key word in the dictionary. Our chauffeur spoke not one word of English or French. Naturally he knew his country and our approximate destinations—and I think he loved us. A finger pointed at a doubtful ruin and the words *antico* and *guerra* gave us an idea of whether the damage had been done a thousand years ago or in World War II. He understood at once our disappointment in the coffee and found us stops where they sold a delectable whipped-up combination of coffee and milk, made in a high-pressure machine, known to him and us as *Scumma*. His *stupido*, *sciocco*, shouted at cars and donkeys that displeased him, were, after all, universal language.

To save time, it is wise to have four or five translated sentences to slip glibly into, as for example:

Bring me more coffee.

I'd like a stronger light bulb.

Please call the plumber at once.

I can not eat underdone spaghetti. The phrase *dové è* (which I've always assumed meant "where is?") followed by that one word from the dictionary will find you anything from a cathedral to an electric iron.

The road to Syracuse, which was the way we headed, goes through industrial Catania, the second largest town in Sicily. Living at the base of Etna, in full view of a now immobile lava river, the Catanese (really) eye the mountain with trepidation, although the last great eruption to touch them was in the seventeenth century. With Syracuse and the temples of the ancient gods so close by, most travellers on borrowed time whip through Catania, although it, like Enna, Ragusa, and the baroque town of Noto, rewards unhurried tourists. During the intervening fifty-four miles from Catania to Syracuse, winding along the Ionian Sea, it is useful to recollect your mythology; to separate fable and fact is almost impossible.

This mélange of history and legend is at once the most confusing and endearing feature of a visit to Sicily. When you are told that the goddess Demeter gave Sicily to her daughter Persephone as a wedding present when she married Pluto, it seems not only an appropriate gift but as likely as the information that Theocritus was a citizen of Syracuse, that the Mafia still exists as a sort of permanent resistance movement, and that the Americans owe some of their success in the invasion of 1943 to the coincidence of a gala dinner of the German officers then in possession.

The sights of Syracuse increase the reality of the ancient gods. At the edge of the modern harbour lies the fresh-water Fountain of Arethusa, which came into being as the result of the unwelcome intentions of the river god Alpheus toward the nymph Arethusa. She fled, he pursued; then her protectress, Diana, turning her into a spring, caused her to flow under the sea and finally come

to rest in virgin freshness in this now neatly railed-off pool. Papyrus plants are to be seen in the water and, since Arethusa isn't the active girl she once was, also just a touch of sediment. Whether you believe that the tyrant Dionysius was a mortal or as the story goes an unpleasant son of Zeus, it is interesting to visit the enormous ancient cavern known as the Ear of Dionysius. The acoustics of this S-shaped cave (now proudly tested by the guide) are such that Dionysius was able to sit in a niche and listen to the conversations and complaints of his political prisoners confined below.

The sights include the cathedral, a baroque structure built over the Temple of Minerva, where the original columns are still to be seen; the Greek Theatre; the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre dating from the Augustan era; the archaeological museum with its Greek sculptures, among them the lovely Venus Landonina; the sunken labyrinthine walls of Castello Eurialo; the catacombs, larger than those in Rome, if that's a recommendation.

At the Villa Politi (which will doubtless be your hotel) the lavish gardens were transformed from a wild quarry by the Capuchin monks. Ask for oranges for dessert at the Politi if you'd like to be truly pampered. A three-man team of red-cheeked Sicilian boy-waiters will peel and arrange, without touching hand to fruit, alternating sections of the native yellow and blood oranges in a floral design which makes you feel as if you were eating a Constance Spry centrepiece. The hotel's special wine is delicious; but the bar is, unfortunately, adamant about its dark brown Martinis.

The happiness of the weary traveller, to say nothing of human relations, is often determined in Sicily by the quality of that first cocktail. When we arrived at Agrigento, our next stop, crammed and cross with the overwhelming wonders of Syracuse, we took a chance on the Grand Hotel des Temples. Others had been warned (erroneously) against it, so there was plenty of room. There was little English; yet the bath water was steaming. The night and the lobby were dark, but in one corner were a few shelves with bottles. We looked in the dictionary. Gin in Italian is simply *gin*. "And *piccolo* vermouth," we explained with measuring gestures. The Martinis were perfect and served with all innocence in highball glasses.

In love with the hotel we ate splendidly, using our admonishing sentence about underdone spaghetti, slept, and started out for the great temples—all built to face Greece. There they are, sandy-gold and pink, weathered, broken, but much more alive than any restoration. They lie and stand: the Temple of Jove, with its recumbent Atlas of gargantuan stone, the Temple of Juno Lacinia, the well-preserved Temple of Concord; temples to Hercules, to Castor and Pollux, Demeter, and Perse-

(Continued on page 101)

SICILY, WITH LOVE

(Continued from page 100)

phone. Visitors may wander alone or sit against a fluted column to stare through the huge ruins at the sky and the striped Ionian Sea. 480 B.C., 450 B.C., 400 B.C.—it's comforting to feel the warm stone.

The oldest of Agrigento's temples has been built over into a primitive Norman Church, named now San Nicola. Its candlelit interior pictures present-day Sicilian worship. It is plain, comparatively small, with the religious statues in rural Sunday best. The Madonna at the altar adds to a very dressy robe a pink taffeta bow with long streamers, attached at the wrist. The infant Jesus in her arms is in ruffled blue satin—also taffeta streamers; both wear crude tin haloes. Christ on the Cross wears a short starched white lace skirt with a straw crown of thorns. His streamers are red, blue, and white.

It is easy to become a temple addict. Driving on toward Palermo the temples at Selinunte are irresistible, though not as dramatic except to archaeologists as those in Agrigento. With the right shoes and strong calves it is possible to climb to the centre of the Acropolis, to see the vestiges of four vast buildings. These ruins are considered among the most

imposing in Europe, although the carvings and smaller objects found have been taken to Palermo where they are to be seen in the museum. Otherwise Selinunte, once a rich Greek city, has vanished completely.

Segeste, equally deserted, has a great peristyle of broken Doric columns and the remains of an open-air theatre which students shudder at missing.

The road through Sicily is a *millefleurs* tapestry of olive-tree fields that look as if they had been set out in geometric patterns by an architect, almond orchards topped with a pale froth of blossoms in the spring, orange and lemon trees, hedges of giant paddle-leaved cactus. Closer to the ground are wild flowers to drive the garden-club ladies mad: elaborate daisies, dwarf snapdragon, tall smoky blue asphodel, all colours and sizes of wild anemones, tiny crawling sweet peas, wild geranium, and deep purple mallows to pick a few samples from the starred fields and roadsides.

As the road cuts northeast away from the sea across country toward Palermo, the number of ornately painted donkey carts, the traditional two-wheeled carriers of Sicily, increases. Enterprising collectors have been known to pick up dismembered panels of these carts in repair shops. One discerning friend of mine has a rear panel over her fireplace which is considered almost a Brueghel. As we get closer to Palermo on the third side of the island the piling mountains become even more spectacular as Monte Pellegrino

looms higher and higher over the city at its base.

Palermo traffic comes as a shock. Those who stay in the city (population almost 500,000) should be happy to get an inside room with a fine view of another inside room. The Hotel des Palmes, where Wagner completed *Parsifal*, is a nice city hotel where rare tickets to the opera can be purchased, the plumbing is delightful, and the sheets again the luxurious calming linen that our rich democracy either lacks or doesn't dare entrust to a laundry. A few kilometres out is the Villa Igia—gardens, tennis, and swimming from the terrace actually in the harbour view.

After a few hours of conditioning to a busy city it is time to think of Palermo's past. Founded by the Phoenicians it was conquered in turn by the Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, among others. After the Saracen invasion the Arabs made it their capital, their architectural imprint still surviving. There are many things not to miss in this urban cross section of history, but since it is impossible to describe all the treasures and pleasures of Palermo on the head of a pin I will limit them to my personal high lights.

For fun with food there are numerous competent restaurants in the heart of town. A short distance from the centre is an especially good sea-food place, Spanos, with dining rooms just above the ocean. Ice cream is a specialty of Palermo. The lavish ice-creameries are crowded with consumers of frozen confections spiked with fruit, nuts, et cetera, and topped

like Mt. Etna with whipped cream. Another specialty for the hardy is *rascature e panelle*, potatoes fried in deep fat in a garbage can set up on the sidewalk.

The opera is an essential. Palermo has a resplendent six-tiered opera house, all gilt and red velvet with pink lights burning constantly in the boxes. Good luck took us to an opening—formal dress required according to the concierge. Palermonian society took the edict to heart. As the jolly *pasta*-fed groups mingled in the intermission it was plain to see that the ladies took no stock in the theory that dark colours and sparse trimming are figure aids. There was a predominance of baby colours in chiffon, tulle, and bounding taffeta. Tiaras, including a tin one, were everywhere. I can only describe the wraps as fur-type furs. One mink stole topped a navy-blue satin evening dress; so we listened for the voice. Boston. While on the subject of clothes, I may say here that tourists in Sicily need dress only for the gods and their fellow travellers.

Palermo has, I believe, the only purely-aristocratic catacombs in existence. Begun in 1530 and tapering off around 1880 these caverns within the city limits received almost entirely members of the first families. They sit, stand, and lie in their best clothes, dusty but recognizable mummies, from infants up, some 8,000 people. To be avoided if you are sensitive.

In town are the museums, oratories with the Serpotta stuccos,
(Continued on page 105)



Other styles
\$9.95 to \$12.95.

What is prettier than a cool T-strap sandal!

Tartan

by

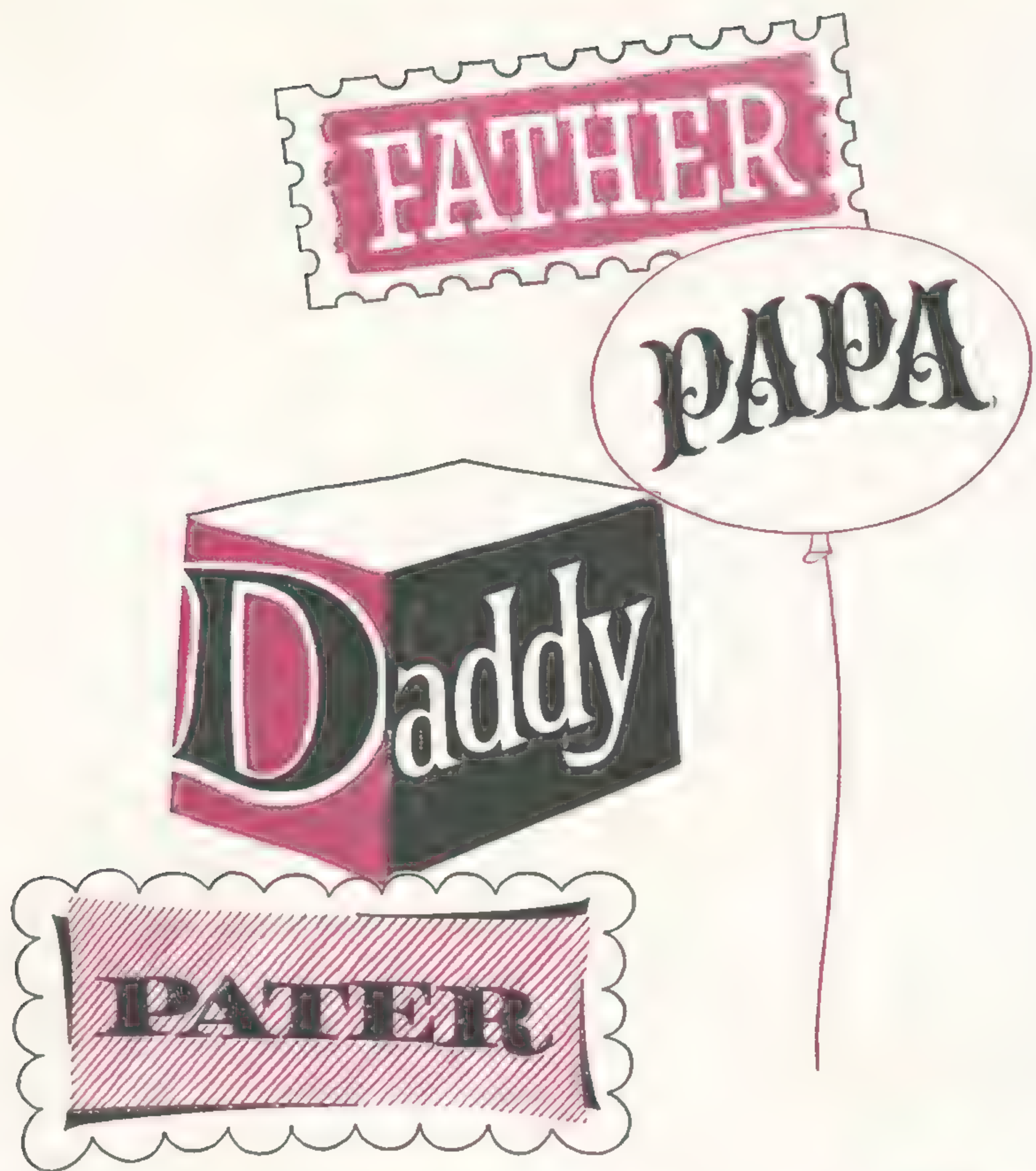


Valentine

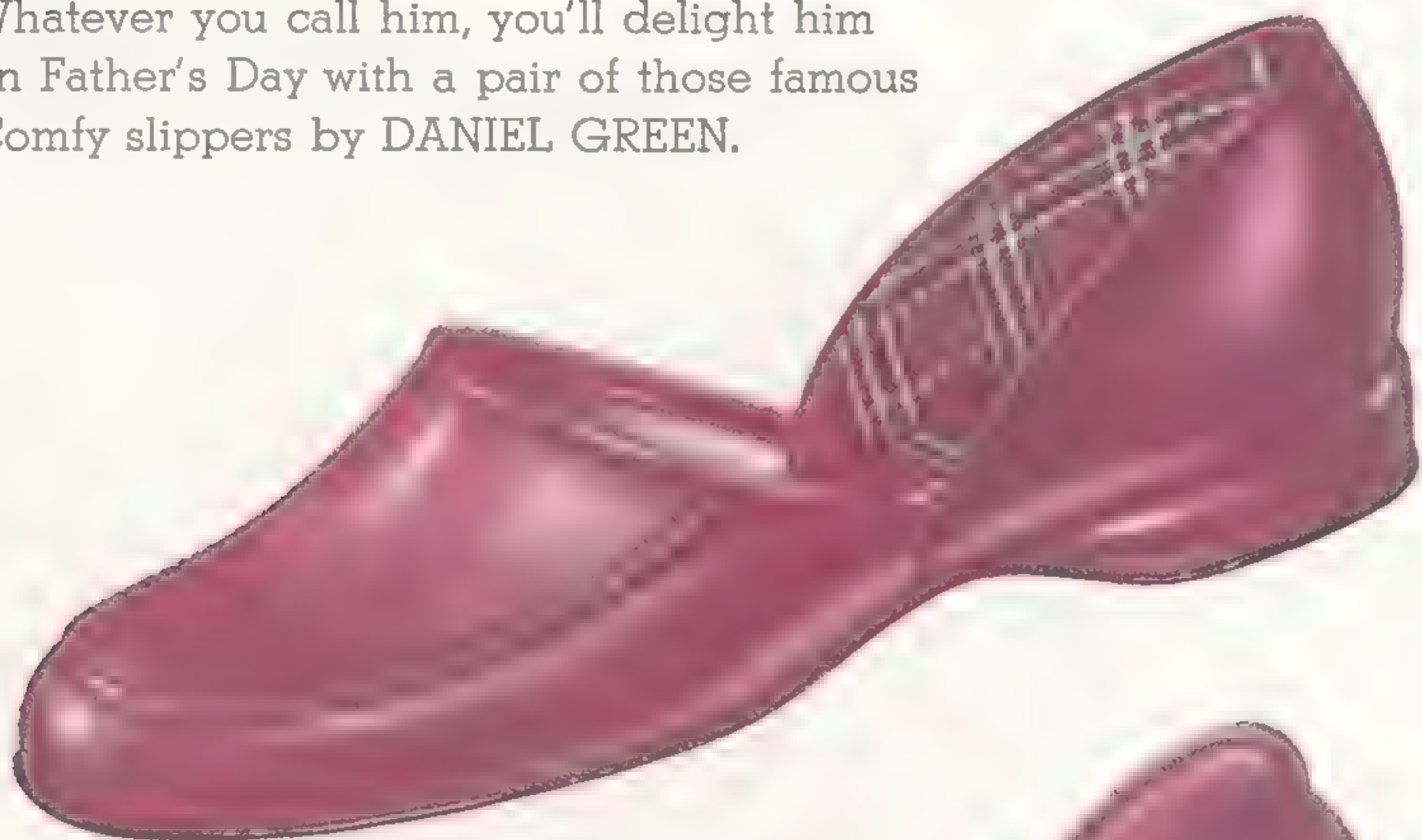
the pretty shoes that feel so good

In lovely combinations of kid and suede, they look so pretty with your summer sheers, prints and pastel frocks. Thanks to Valentine's cushion inner soles, your airy comfort is complete.

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Whatever you call him, you'll delight him on Father's Day with a pair of those famous Comfy slippers by DANIEL GREEN.



OMOC

Brown, Tan and Wine leather lined with plaid. The padded comfy leather soles have a special soil-proof finish. \$7.00



DON

Brown, Tan and Wine leather lined with padded plaid. And, of course, Daniel Green's famous padded comfy leather soles. \$7.00



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FACTORIES, DOLGEVILLE, N. Y.

Because of transportation costs, prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies

SWEDEN

(Continued from page 67)

translated) and then regard the performance as pantomime. The place to do this is at Drottningholm (about a half hour from Stockholm) because Drottningholm is unique and should be seen anyhow. It has its own perfect seventeenth-century theatre where not so much as a candle holder or curtain has been changed. This summer, on June 4, 5, 6, and 9, there's an eighteenth-century divertissement: "Fête Galante à la Watteau"—a ballet by Andre Campra (1710)—and *Birthday Party in a Fisherman's Hut*, a pastoral play with music and dancing, its book by Carl Michael Bellman, who was Sweden's greatest troubadour.

Where to eat? All over Sweden. But starting in Stockholm: On the terrace of the Grand Hotel—overlooking the creamy palace that is washed by the Norrström—you'll find continental food at nice quiet continental prices. The Grand Hotel is the pride of Stockholm and probably the most "elegant" hotel in Scandinavia, as the Angleterre in Copenhagen is a fraction gayer, and a token less "respectful" (because the Dane is a very funny fellow with a brisk, irrepressible humour that is *not* always restricted to what a Swede would consider "its proper place"). The "chic" restaurants are Cecil (closed, alas, in June and July), Riche, Djurgårdsbrun, and Theatregrillen. Next in line, and a touch

more Swedish in food and decoration: the Bacchi Wapen—meaning the Crest of Bacchus—also closed in June and July, Trianon, and Operakällaren.

Over in Gamla Stan (the old town) there are many little restaurants (it's the Soho of Stockholm) all perfectly good if you like Swedish food. The old city is worth seeing anyhow—enchantingly gloomy with its yard-wide streets, and the leaning walls almost meeting overhead, and casting navy-blue shadows.

Car renting is easy in Sweden, and you don't have to pay in dollars. Frey's in Stockholm or any travel agent will arrange it for you. The prices are roughly: for a You-Drive-It, 60 to 85 kroner per 200 kilometres, and 0.30 kroner for each kilometre thereafter. For chauffeur-driven cars, a flat rate of 8 kroner per 10 kilometres. (There are roughly five kroner to the dollar.)

Where to go in your car? You could get to Saltsjöbaden in a matter of minutes and it's a wonderful place to spend a sunny day swimming or sailing. Or if you want to spend a week end there, the Grand Hotel is first rate. For country life farther afield from Stockholm, there is Båstad in the south, a fashionable but cosy resort where the old king used to go every summer for the tennis. August is still the gala month, and the hotel is the Skånegården, luxurious and delightful and still run by the Nobel family. If you want a private bath, write well in advance. Single room, 20-35 kroner, or with
(Continued on page 107)

DENMARK

(Continued from page 66)

For seaside life, there are several other good hotels, all right on the beach. At Hornbæk (an hour by train north of Copenhagen) there is the Trouville sunk right into the white beach. The food is good, the rooms pleasant, but private baths very rare.

The Bellevue at Klampenborg (about fifteen minutes by train from Copenhagen) is excellent, right on the beach, with forty rooms and private baths, and wonderful food. Not too prepossessing-looking, it is actually so good (and so handy to the city) that one must write well in advance.

If you have had too good a time in Paris or Rome—or Copenhagen for that matter—and would like a slightly coddling rest cure, there are two calm, rambling hospitable hotels, the Kongen af Danmark and the Kurhotel, on the island of Föno (a short ferry ride from Esbjerg) where there is good golf and swimming, sea-washed air, nice ambling walks and peace, but you must bring your own entertainment with you.

To rent a car, go to "Diana,"

a good firm at Jagtvej 155 in Copenhagen. The charge for a You-Drive-It American Ford is \$7 a day plus 12c a mile, but you must pay in traveller's checks. This is neither dollar-greed nor arbitrariness on their part—it's a government regulation. British Fords, however, can be had for about \$4 a day and need *not* be paid for in dollars.

The Fire Festival at Silkeborg in Jutland (August 22) sounds beautiful (and it is, with the whole lake illuminated and the lakeside gardens looking like a Berman setting). Stay at one of the several comfortable hotels at Aarhus or at the superb Kongensbro Kro, just 15 miles from Silkeborg.

Up in North Zealand (the island Copenhagen and Elsinore are on) there's a big white modern hotel called the Frederick IV Store Kro. It's quiet and relaxed and they feed you marvellous sea food. It also happens to overlook the superb gardens of Fredensborg Castle, which is where the King and Queen live in the spring and autumn.

You'll find that, come summer, the Danes are out of doors *all* the time. The outdoor museums for instance: At Lyngby there's the farm culture exhibit (sounds dull, doesn't it?) but it *isn't* rows of steel tractors
(Continued on page 103)

DENMARK

(Continued from page 102)

or beet sugar—it's houses. Houses that reproduce Danish peasant life in many centuries, all accurate down to the curtains and the churns and the sanitation.

There's a town version of the same thing at Aarhus (on Jutland), a city street of four hundred years ago, everything complete from the scales in the pharmacist's to the tools of the watchmaker.

The Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen are almost too obvious to mention—but then, they are too obviously good to miss either. Nothing specially new for this summer; the Belle Tarsasse remains probably the best restaurant, the concert hall is having the usual number of visiting conductors and orchestras, and the Tivoli guard (a regiment of boys under fourteen trained to Rockette-like precision) parades there every day about tea-time.

Den Permanente (The Permanent Exhibition) on the other hand is always full of new things. Here you'll find the best Danish glass, silver, textiles, furniture, ceramics, porcelain—and paintings—all selected by a committee and all on exhibition. For people who want to buy, it's a perfect shopping service: you look the exhibition over, and then know where to go to get what you want.

For non-shoppers, it's a lively museum. (Secretly, our favourite aspect of Den Permanente is a Committee for the Improvement of Souvenirs.

They're dead serious about it, and it works right down to a seven cent—one-half kroner—level.) Current favourites at Den Permanente: the ceramics of Björn Wiinblad, a young artist whose designs have more fantasy and less austerity than most. Of course all the well-known designers are represented, modern and traditional: Finn Juhl's furniture, Saxbo stoneware by Natalie Krebs, the best of Royal Copenhagen porcelain; Hans Hansen and Michelsen silver—but you'll find new artists, too, that you can discover.

Random notes for a Copenhagen wanderer: A florist called Schaumann (opposite the Angleterre Hotel) who does enchanting, tight, jewel-like centrepieces—perhaps in grey and silver and green, or of tiny mushrooms, gourds, and marigolds. If you're dining with Danish friends, it's nice (and usual) to send flowers before the dinner.

There's a fish restaurant called Krogs at the fish market where you might try a dish called *Tout Paris à la Jutta*, which is a kind of dry bouillabaisse, a huge platter of all the kinds of fish that swim in the neighbouring seas, all cooked to perfection.

What are the Danes talking about? For one thing, their perpetual topic: bridges (in this country of scores of islands they have ferry jams the way we have traffic jams). . . . And if you are just on the point of saying something scathing about socialism—don't. King, Queen, and Court notwithstanding—Denmark is socialized, and their Socialist Democratic (Labour) party is the most actively violent against the Communists.

NORWAY

(Continued from page 67)

cathedral, built in the twelfth century, and an excellent Victorian hotel, the Britannia.

(If driving doesn't appeal, Widerøes Flyselskab rents hydroplanes inexpensively, and you can get to the most unlikely places in one. For instance, there's a marvellous resort right outside of Lillesand, with a white sand beach and a good hotel, the Fevik, which takes six hours to reach by car, only one by plane.)

Bergen is having an International Festival of Music, Folklore, and Drama again this year (someone called Bergen the Boston of Norway). It runs from June 1 to 15. The theme will be lightly linked to Edvard Grieg, who lived and worked in Bergen. The National Theatre from Oslo is putting on Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, and Bergen's own theatre, a comedy by Ludvig Holberg—in Norwegian.

Oslo has the inevitable charm of a harbour town, and an unexpected charm of a city deeply concerned with the arts. As in Denmark, books from other countries are translated before you can say Kon-Ti-Ki, and there is always an exhibition at the Kunstnerhuset to which the Oslo inhabitants always go. As for the theatre: *South Pacific*, *Kiss Me Kate*, *The Rose Tattoo*, and *Affairs of State* are running cheek by theatre stub with the astonishing new version of *Peer Gynt* directed by Hans Jacob Nielson, its star. He banished Grieg, had new music composed for it, and a clue to its core can be found in the title,

Peer Gynt, an Anti-romantic Play.

At two of the night clubs, Coquillage and the Chat Noir, there is often good entertainment with a high level of vaguely literary or political satire. An M.C. interprets in English and French, and while some of the political humour may be a little local (like some *New Yorker* jokes), by and large it's everybody's joke.

Something that started only last year, and has become tremendously popular, is the Arctic Safari. You're guaranteed your Polar Bear up at Spitzbergen (or you can merely photograph him if he reminds you of an oversized teddy bear). Walrus and seal lurk in the Arctic waters and pack ice too, and the Midnight Sun shines all night long. Expeditions start, in extremely comfortable ships, from Oslo, take thirty days, and the price is about \$1,200 round trip.

Pleasant piece of nonsense: wandering down to the harbour in Oslo and buying fresh boiled shrimp directly off the ships. Caught at dawn and boiled immediately, they're still hot when you carry them off wrapped in a bit of newspaper. A good supplement to a drink in your hotel room.

You'll find first class silver in Oslo at either Tostrup or David Andersen, and shapely carved wooden spoons and forks almost everywhere.

Interesting note: Swedes and Danes are sure to tell you to take your own food with you if you're driving about Norway. Americans, on the other hand, are apt to prefer Norwegian food to that of the other Scandinavian countries, on the grounds that you get more greens and the meat isn't all "gouped" up with gravy or sauces.

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CANADA

(Continued from page 65)

There are those who claim the Eskimos carve simply because they have a natural propensity for art and because carving relieves the boredom of non-hunting periods. But many more authorities agree that just as the ancient carvings were fetish objects so the modern ones are related to magical and persuasive purposes.

Houston tells how there is a run on carvings of a certain animal just before it is due to migrate. Walrus with the down-turned tusks that give them a Colonel Blimp look, bears with lunging, stretching necks and menacing open jaws, waddling geese—carvings of these herald the forthcoming hunt. It is apparently good fortune to carve an image of the animal you will pursue—a mark of foresighted and hopeful respect to replace him with his effigy. Houston points out, too, that though the Arctic hare has all but disappeared in certain regions, Eskimos try to carve his image (the hearsay descriptions producing a curious, high-legged dog-like creature) in order to lure this highly edible animal back. The marvellous mother and child groups are presumably fertility figures; the more abstract carvings of spirits and death masks (with ivory hands protruding from the sides like ears) are apparently intended to persuade a spirit to do good instead of evil or to ward off a destructive one. And the women, who sew instead of carve, make “charts of desire”—appliquée on white skins black silhouettes of the ptarmigan or seal or igloo they hope to receive from their men.

Moreover, these carvings are not made for display. Like the ancient Chinese and certain contemporary American Indian tribes, the Eskimos keep them hidden, wrapped up in layers of old skins. Then at an auspicious moment, they are brought out, the wrappings are peeled off like those on a “treasure ball,” and the little sculptures (rarely more than ten inches high and usually small enough to hold in one hand) are admired and passed around from person to person (one of the reasons, obviously, that they are executed completely in the round). Some of the carvers are acknowledged to be more gifted than others, but none will just “turn them out.” When Houston asked a man who had made a splendid carving of a walrus if he had others of this animal, the Eskimo was astonished. “If I have done one perfect likeness of a walrus, why should I do another?” he asked.

They are “perfect likenesses” but they are not minutely realistic. Simplified, but not stylized, these sculptures are the obvious result of the most acute observation, the most intimate knowledge, and the most thorough anatomical understanding—in short, they bespeak the hunter's experience. The hunter identifies with his quarry (“When hunting caribou, one must think like a caribou”). So fully does he project himself into the animal's mind that there are carvings, for instance, of birds on whose wings are drawn the land- and sea-images the creature would have seen aloft.

The hunter understands his adversary—his strength, his wiliness, his cunning, his fears, the searing screech of an owl protecting his nest, the throaty roar of a bear surprised. And through dissection he knows every bone and every muscle.

All this knowledge comes through in the sculptures with arresting vividness. The essentials of structure, of gesture, and of character make their impact by the most minimal and direct means, instinctively related to the nature of the material (steatite, amphibolite, and other harder stones) and to the simple tools (a knife made of scrap metal set in a bone handle, a bow-drill, a rough stone for smoothing the surface before the sculpture is submerged in seal oil to bring out its luxuriant darkness, and, finally, tireless hands to polish it with stone dust).

How pertinent the few details! How ingeniously used like exclamation points! Plugs of antler horns to make eyes that glow with bright roundness, an etched line to widen a baby bear's grin, slivers of ivory carved to make the white accent of a harpoon held aloft.

And, above all—and how rare in all art—in how many, many instances these sculptures are contagiously comical, chuckle-provoking, mirthful—the funny, startled look on the fisherman who has caught a fish, the perceptively seen and unabashedly presented pompousness of the walrus, the amusing awkwardness of a young bear. Again and again they disclose the broad good humour which is one of the most generally acknowledged Eskimo traits and which apparently helps man sustain himself in a cruel environment. Houston illustrates this special cheerfulness with a story which occurred during the ghastly distemper epidemic that took an alarming toll of Eskimo dogs (as essential to the Eskimo as the horse once was to the farmer). While a hunter was driving his dog-sled team, the prized leader keeled over. The owner walked to the front of the pack to examine the dog, found he was dead and came back laughing uproariously. When asked why he was so merry in the face of so harsh a tragedy, he said, “I was just thinking how pleased that second dog will be not to have to look at the back of the front one any more after all these years.”

When one thinks of what happens in the art marts of the world when a new art is “discovered,” how astronomic are the markups established by the dealers, and how quickly the fakes are manufactured, it is fortunate indeed that the first person to brings these “primitive” carvings back to “civilization” should have been James Houston. He held three convictions: one, that this was art of high quality which should be widely known; two, that the Eskimos should benefit honestly from its sale; and three, that it should never be exploited commercially.

Therefore, when he first returned to Montreal in 1948 he took

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SICILY

(Continued from page 101)

and the Cappella Palatina, a masterpiece of mediaeval art. For an excursion, drive up Monte Pellegrino, not so much for the enshrined saint on the summit, but to see the world of Sicily stretched out in the Mediterranean.

Below the mountains, in the celebrated, fertile Conca d'Oro (Shell of Gold), are the gardens and royal château of La Favorita, a late-comer in Palermo's ancient history. In building La Favorita at the end of the eighteenth century, Ferdinand, called the First in Sicily and the Fourth in Naples, went Chinese. The pagoda-like structure, with its rooms decorated in the Sicilian interpretation of Chinese painting, is distinguished for a lengthy visit made to it by Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton (in a period of stress) and for the bellpull still hanging beside the king's bed, an ingenious device which also opened a door to a secret stairway, thus indicating to the favourite lady of the moment that her presence was desired.

Some five miles back of Palermo is the great cathedral of Monreale, which I have been saving for the end. A glorious example of Norman architecture (built between 1174 and 1189 by William II), it is one of the few cathedrals which has in its decoration what seems to be a sense of humour. Along the side walls, above the great interior columns, are the famous mosaics illustrating scenes from the Old and New Testaments. In intricate shining inlay Eve is to be seen coming out of Adam's rib, Adam reclining with bored resentment; in a progression around the corner of the edifice Adam and Eve meet the serpent, discovering modesty in briefs of cactus leaves. Farther on they are pictured fleeing from Eden in costumes of a long-haired fur that resembles silver fox, and later tilling the soil in the same practical fur.

Adjacent to the cathedral is the Benedictine cloister, a miracle of arches, flowers, and lacy columns. Unfortunately, the delicate ravages of time are being restored by an army of workmen. In a few years it will be as crisp as the Triborough Bridge. See it soon or wait another hundred years for the softening sun of Sicily to do its work all over.

CANADA

(Continued from page 104)

his first pieces to the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, a non-profit organization conducted primarily by dedicated lady volunteers. The Guild sent him back to the Arctic with a credit at the Hudson's Bay Company stores—and with these chits he bought a large number of pieces which were shown in the debut show in Montreal in 1948—a sellout in three days.

Meanwhile, the Canadian Government, which had been concerned about the Eskimos on the East coast, began to investigate what had brought sudden income to a dreadfully impoverished region. The demand for white fox, which was the only form of trade for these Eskimos, was at a low point in 1949, with the Eskimos receiving only about twenty-five cents per skin. The purchase of sculpture seemed a constructive way to give relief to a starving economy. So the Department of Resources and Development gave the Guild a grant to send Houston back to even more northerly and depressed areas. Since then, the Government and the Guild have continued to work together (Houston is now employed in the Arctic Services, Department of Northern Affairs).

The Canadian Handicrafts Guild has built up a splendid permanent collection of this Eskimo art (part of which will be shown at the Phillips Gallery in Washington) and it controls all sales in Canada. Through the enterprise of an American businessman, Eugene Power, a non-profit group called Eskimo Art, Inc. was formed a year ago last April to introduce this art and protect it

from exploitation here. Eskimo Art is now circulating two shows through the Smithsonian Institution.

Houston and his wife, who interests herself in the women's crafts, go to the region each year, visiting familiar spots and exploring new ones. They believe that so far—though it has created a new incentive—the demand has not hurt the artistic integrity or the motivated purpose of the art (the only change being that since large pieces bring higher prices there is a bull market in big ones). But the Eskimos still carve what they want, how they want, and when they want... and they still characteristically malign the unworthiness of each piece they do.

Air flight has conquered the obstacle of the ice-packs which have been a barrier to these regions ever since the sixteenth-century explorers seeking the Northwest Passage entered them. But it is the unswerving intention of every individual and every agency involved that though the geographic remoteness which made "civilization" by-pass the region is lessened, "civilization" will not destroy this art which reflects the individuality, dignity, and extraordinary talent of the people who make it.

Editor's Note: Two exhibitions of Eskimo art are now touring the United States, sponsored by Eskimo Art, Incorporated, and the Smithsonian Institution. Another exhibit, sent by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild from their permanent collection of Eskimo art, will be at the Phillips Gallery in Washington, D.C., from May 23 through the end of June. Eskimo sculptures in the two travelling exhibits may be bought, at prices ranging from \$5 to \$150; those in the Phillips Gallery show may be ordered from the Canadian Handicrafts Guild in Montreal, Canada.



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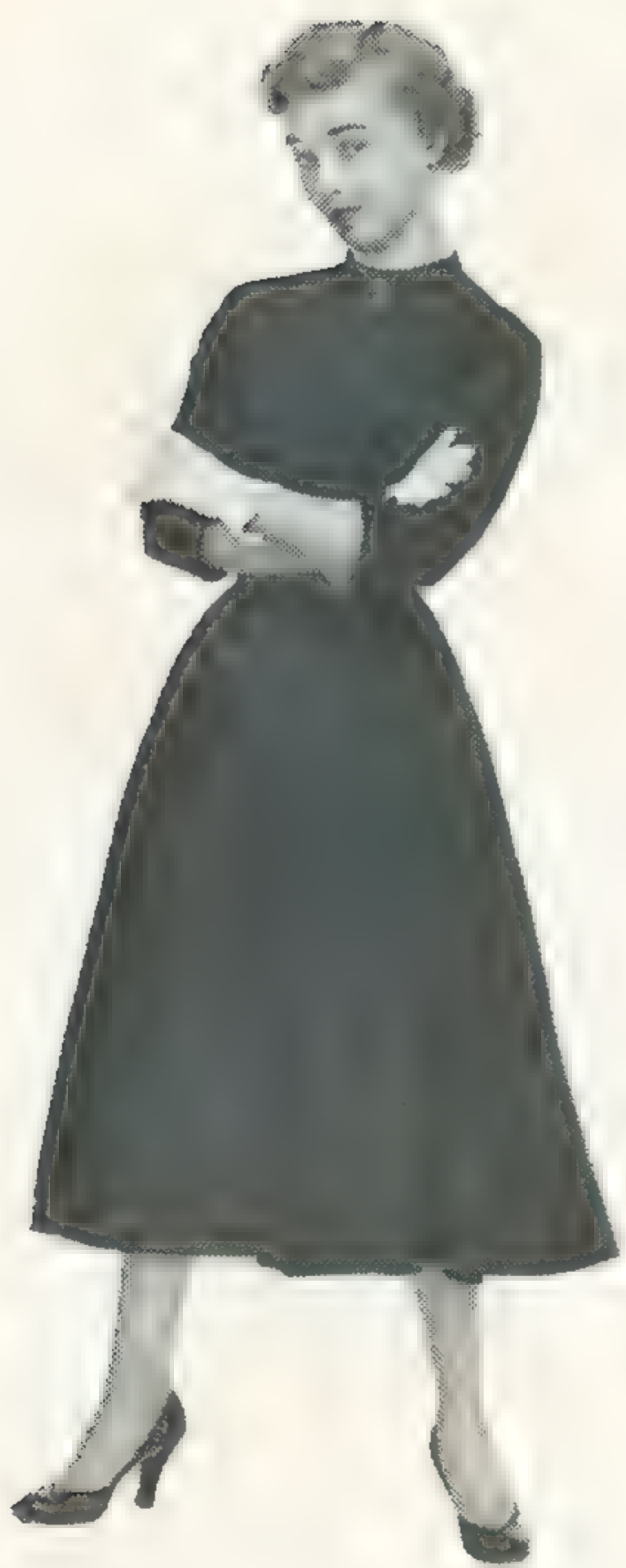
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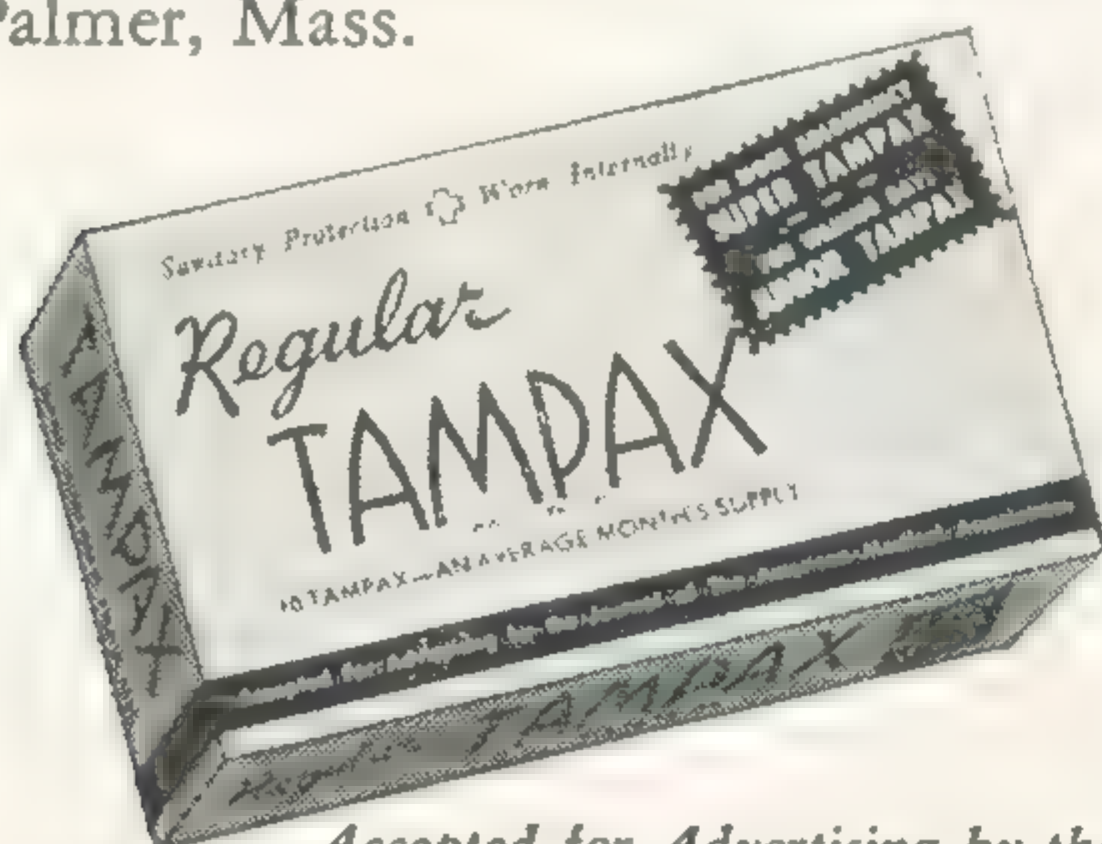
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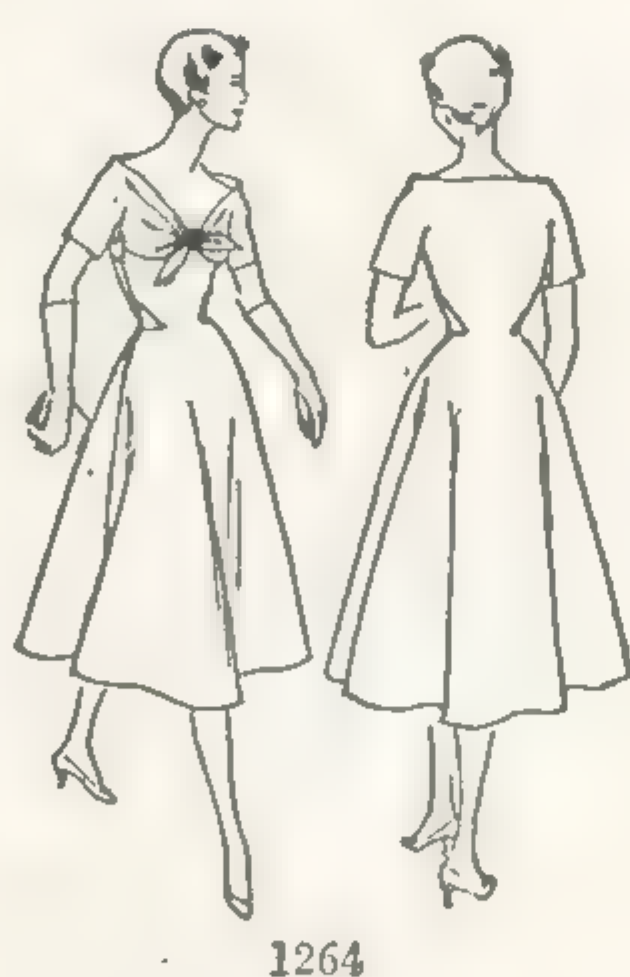
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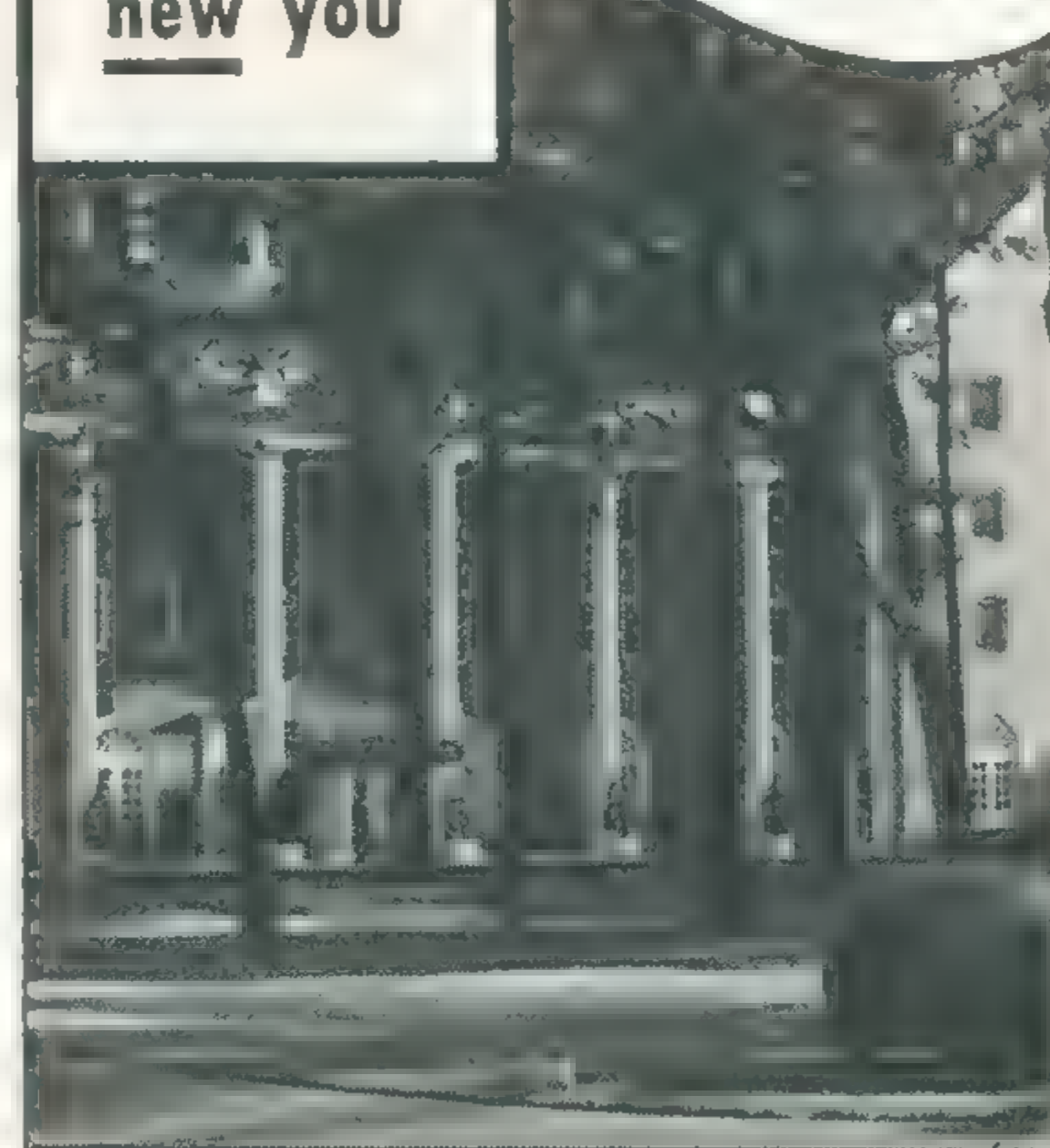
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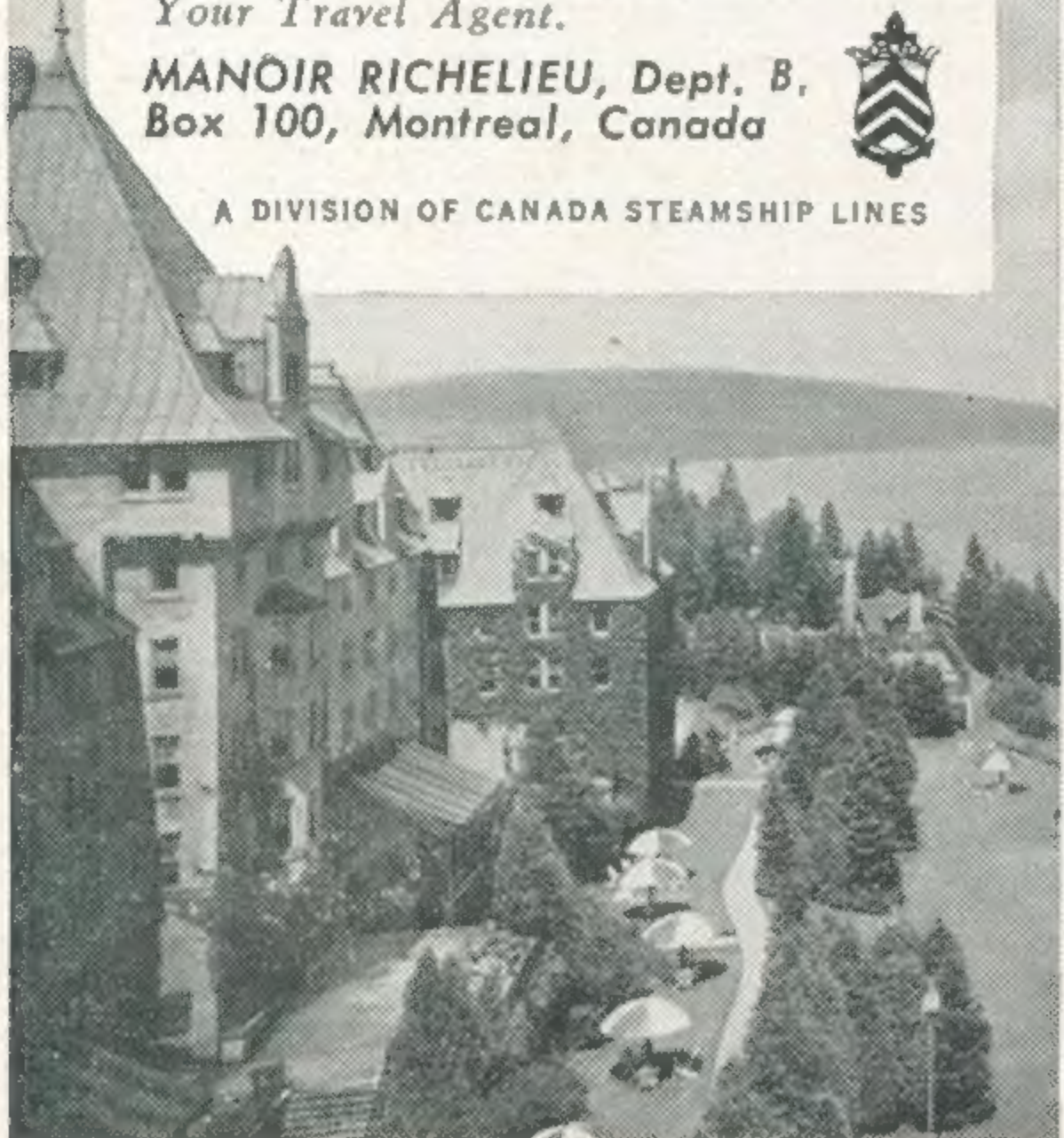
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SWEDEN

(Continued from page 102)

bath, 40. Double rooms, 60 kroner, or with bath, 66. And there's a 15% to 20% service charge added.

A little less fashionable (but with one of the longest sand beaches in Sweden) is Tylösand on the Halland coast, and the very good hotel is the Tylösand Havsbad. There's golf and tennis there too.

Not too far from Båstad is a simple pastoral sort of a place called Torekov. The hotel is the Kattegat, the food good-Swedish, and you don't need dinner clothes. Just off Torekov is a small island called Hallands Väderö, which is a mass of small sandy coves—and blueberry patches. A fisherman's boat takes you there in twenty minutes and it is as pleasant a place to spend the day bathing and picnicking as is.

Up in Dalecarlia, Sweden's showpiece (though a touch too artsy-craftsy-with-folk-dancing in spots), is a big modern hotel called Högfjälls at Sälen. It has a pool and gardens and they'll arrange fishing (trout) for you if you like. The prices? Roughly 20 to 37 kroner per person, and most of the rooms have baths. Add a 15% service charge here too.

In Stockholm, you can get, at modest prices, awfully good made-to-order clothes—on the conservative side, beautifully made, and fitted with real art and understanding. Märthaskolan is one place (started by the late Princess Martha, and now run by a Countess von Schwerin). Evening clothes are about 750-1,000 kroner, and so are suits. It takes a week to have them done. Slightly less expensive houses with made-to-order suits and dresses about 500 kroner: Williams, Robels, and Marie Louise Boutique, all specialists in suits. (The suit is the Swedish national costume, really.)

What was under discussion this winter in Sweden? The fact that two of the biggest selling books in Sweden this winter were poetry, one by Pär Lagerkvist (the Nobel Prize winner), and one by that wise and thoughtful writer Harry Martinson, who wrote the *Road to Klockrike*. The other books "everybody read" this winter were *A Many-Splendored Thing* by Han Suyin and *The Diary of Anne Frank*.

What else? The Swedes are, as usual, being madly critical about everything that is theirs and madly polite about everything that is everybody else's (except in their political cartoons, which are long on irony and bite deep all over the world).

FINLAND

(Continued from page 67)

club at home often, curiously, get the urge in Europe. It can happen in Helsinki as well as anywhere, and the place to go is the Kalastajatorppa (The Fisherman's Hut). It's about twenty minutes by cab from the centre of town, a circular building, right on the edge of the Gulf of Finland. The entertainment varies. With luck you get good continental entertainment; without luck you can draw some second-rate amusement from the U.S.A. Aside from this minor element of risk, it's all good: view, food, drinks, and music.

For lunch try the island of Suomenlinna (you pick up a ferry at the South Harbour). There, on the island, is a fortress and in the fortress there is a dungeon and in the dungeon you'll get one of the best meals you ever ate. It's the Walhalla restaurant.

Helsinki is a rewarding place to go shopping and museuming. For one thing, Mediterranean influence never reached this far north and for another, the Finnish-Finn (as opposed to the Swedish-Finn who dominated the country up until the Republic) has now put forward his own art. The result is indigenous Finnish design of a startlingly sophisticated order.

Among a number of the younger artists there is a painter they call "Sibelius in paint" who is doing beautiful little *gouaches* (about eight inches in size) and whose name is Simberg. Another new young artist—this time in glass—is Timo Sarpaneva, who designs, for the Karhula-littala, things graceful and virile.

You'll notice that Finnish

women are very smart—with rather more flair and dash than some of their neighbours, and no, they do not go to the continent for their clothes; they get them in Helsinki. One excellent shop is Ika, another is Salon Ståhlberg where you'll find made-to-order (and fast) clothes, lingerie, and small luxuries like lingerie cases and bed jackets that are deliciously appliquéd or embroidered—and inexpensive. One example: a dull blue organdie lingerie case, appliquéd with pale-peach crêpe and organdie roses. Subtle colours again.

Not to be missed are the twelfth-century frescoed churches. The best known (which is no reason to avoid it, because it is the best) is the Church of Hattula. Overheard: the lady from homeside who whispered nervously, "Doesn't look very Christian, does it?" To eyes trained in the Mediterranean tradition, perhaps not; the frescoes are bold and exuberant, and the church, sturdy and plain, looks somehow stubbornly protective of what it holds.

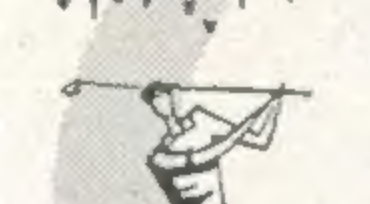
The Sibelius Music Festival is going to be between June 10 and 18, in the Festival Hall of Helsinki University. Tauno Hannikainen and Jussi Jalas (Sibelius' son-in-law) are conducting the Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra and the Helsinki City Symphony Orchestra, and for the last two days Sir Thomas Beecham is conducting, including Sibelius' #6, on both days.

The Finns apparently read more than anyone. The latest statistic: two books per person published every year. Their current favourites: Keranto's *A Beauty Disappears in the East*, about Miss Universe and her disappearance into the Orient (it's all right, she simply married a Filipino and settled down), and *The Little World of Don Camillo*.



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The following is a list of stores where the clothes
on pages 86-87 can be purchased.

Asbury Park, N. J.	Steinbach Co.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Atlanta, Ga.	J. P. Allen	New Canaan, Conn.	Doblin, Inc.
Bronxville, N. Y.	Sportcrafts	New Haven, Conn.	Gentree, Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y.	L. L. Berger, Inc.	Omaha, Neb.	Charles J. Assmann
Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.	Ben Epstein	Orlando, Fla.	Rutlands, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Gidding's	Philadelphia, Pa.	Wanamaker's
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Bros.	Red Bank, N. J.	Steinbach Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo.	MacNeil & Moore	Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman Co.
Columbus, Ohio	Harry J. Rook	San Francisco, Calif.	Bullock & Jones
Dayton, Ohio	The Rike Kumlir Co.	Sarasota, Fla.	Harmon's
East Orange, N. J.	Altman	Seattle, Wash.	Littler
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver	Silver Spring, Md.	Bradley's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres	Stockton, Calif.	Bravo & McKeegan
Kalamazoo, Mich.	A. W. Johnson Co.	Syracuse, N. Y.	Flah & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Woolf Brothers	Tulsa, Okla.	Woolf Brothers
Madison, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore	Wellesley, Mass.	Ara's
Manhasset, L. I., N. Y.	Altman	Wichita, Kan.	Woolf Brothers
Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore	White Plains, N. Y.	Altman

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